# THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 30. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.


## GONE BACK TO ERIN.

**Mr. Thomas O'Neill Russell, the Distingished Irish Scholar, Returns to His Native Land After a Prolonged Absence.**

**He Will Investigate the Condition of the Gaelic Language in Ireland and the Scottish Highland—Honored by the New York Gaelic Society.**

The distinguished Irish scholar and litterateur, Mr. T. O. Russell, sailed from New York on Saturday, the 15th inst., on a visit to Ireland. Mr. Russell will be gone several months, during which time he intends making an extended tour of Ireland and the Scotch Highlands for the purpose of making himself acquainted with the present actual state of Gaelic as a spoken language, as well as for the purpose of collecting such literary fragments as still exist in the mouths of the Gaelic-speaking peasantry of the two countries. Notwithstanding the early hour of sailing, 5 a. m., Mr. Russell was given a genuine Irish "send off," the dock being crowded by his friends and admirers, who are legion. Among those present were noticed Messrs. Charles Underwood O'Connell, J. P. Boland, E. T. McCrystal, Francis J. Wade, Patrick Shields, William Doggett, John Reilly, Christopher Kyley, George O'Hanlon, Thos. Burke, P. Downey, Patrick O'Brien, Henry Magee, William J. Balfe, and others.

On the eve of his departure Mr. Russell was tendered a farewell reception by the members of the Gaelic Society at their rooms, No. 17 West Twenty-eighth street. Nearly every member on the roll put in an appearance to bid *slan leat* to him who has for years taken such an enthusiastic interest in the work of the society. After the members had partaken plentifully of all the good things provided for the occasion, the Gaelic address, which will be found below, was read by Mr. E. T. McCrystal on behalf of the society. Mr. Russell replied in a short Gaelic speech, and afterwards in an able address in English, in which he dealt particularly with the necessity of the Irish people cultivating a knowledge of the language and literature of their free ancestors. Mr. Denis A. Spellissey paid an eloquent tribute to the worth and disinterestedness of the work performed by the guest of the evening since his advent to the United States, and in drinking his health he wished him a pleasant voyage to the country he loved so well, where he would find a wider and a more practical field for his labors than was to be found on this side of the water. The toast of the ladies was responded to by Mr. J. P. Boland, who, it is needless to say, did credit to the subject, as he is always at home when talking to, or on behalf of, the ladies.

Mr. James Carberry, in proposing the toast of the Scotch Gaelic societies, paid a high tribute to the earnestness with which the Scotch people clung to their native language, and he dwelt especially on the kindly feeling which is being lately manifested between the two principal branches of the Celtic race. As an illustration of this good spirit he mentioned the fact that but very recently an Irish Catholic priest, Rev. Father O'Growney, was elected honorary president of the Celtic Society of Glasgow. The speaker hoped that this generous act would be reciprocated by the Irish electing some distinguished Scotchman as honorary president of some one of their societies. Mr. Donald MacDonald, of the New York Scotch Philo-Celtic Society, responded to the toast in a speech in which he sketched graphically the work that was being done for Gaelic throughout Scotland, and he hoped the suggestion of Mr. Carberry would be carried into effect by some of the Irish societies. It would serve as another link in the chain that is slowly but surely drawing the Irish and Scotch Celts together in friendly intercourse through the medium of their common language. Mr. MacDonald himself, he said, had never spoken a word of English until his fifteenth year, and in his native island of Tyree, Gaelic was the only language of the people even at the present day. Text-books were being prepared for the use of the school-going children, and the school board was making provision for a thorough course of instruction in the Gaelic tongue in all the schools, not alone of this particular island, but also of all the Gaelic-speaking districts throughout Scotland, and he hoped the same course would soon be adopted in Ireland.

A recitation by Mr. Pierce Kent, songs by Messrs. Magee and Doggett, Misses Casey, Barclay, Lynch and Gallagher followed, after which leave taking of Mr. Russell occupied the remaining time until the hour of sailing. It is hoped that Mr. Russell's arm will have regained its normal state before he is subjected to a welcome on Irish soil, as its strength was sorely taxed from the hearty exercise it was made to undergo by his fellow-members of the Gaelic Society, all of whom vied with each other in doing their best "shake" as a token of their regard, at the risk of leaving him only a sound *eitcog* to meet his as enthusiastic friends in Ireland with.

DO'N T-SAOI T. O. RUISEL, A' SHAOI DHILIS—Sul mitheochaidh tá air do chuairt go h-Eirinn gleamaoid-ne, do chómh-bhaill de Chumann na Gaedhilge, an ocáid so le n-ár n-árd-mheas ort d'fhoilsighadh dhuit chomh maith agus is feidir linn sin do dheunamh i m-beagán focal Gaedhilge.

Do thuillis an urraim agus an onóir is mó, ni h-e amháin uainn-ne, acht ó'n g-Cine Eireannach go léir, mar gheall air an dian-ghrádh neamh-shantach a tá agad air gach nidh a bhaineas le maitheas tire ár n-duthchais. Ni he a n-dlí no a n-de do geineadh an tir-ghrádh so in do chroidhe, oir a bh-fad sul do rugadh mórán de na daoinibh atá i láthair anuso anocht, bhi d'inntleacht agus do pheann tiodhluicthe agus tabhartha go tollcamhuil do chúis na h-Eireann.

Tá fios ag ár g-cómh-dhuthchasachaibh go h-uile air an meid do righne tú air son litreachta agus air son saoirse na h-Eireann tre do chuid sgribhinn 'san t-Sacsbheurla; acht go mio-ádhmhar ni'l siad, mar chine, chomh eólach air an mór-shaothar táir ag deunamh le bliadhantaibh i sean-teangaidh na n-Gaedheal. Is againne, do chomh-bhaill de chumann na Gaedhilge, tá lán-fhios air fhirinne agus air fhearamhlacht d'oibre i d-taoibh na teangadh ro-fhaillighthe sin. Is againn-ne amháin atá eólas air an mórmbaith do righnis agus air an mór-chlá do tharraingis air shean-teangaidh agus air sheanlitreacht na h-Eireann led'inntleacht áird agus led'fhoghluim fhir.

Air na h-ádhbharaibh sin ni maith linn thú do leigean air síobhal gan beagán focal buidhchais do ridh leat air son do mhór-shaothair air feadh do bheatha i g-cóis do thire go coitcheann, agus i g-cóis a teangadh agus a litreachta, go h-áitighthe. Le cúig bliadhantaibh deug tá tú in ár measg, agus air feadh iomlain na bh-fad m-bliadhan sin, nuair a bhi buan-chára taisdighthe orrainn, no nuair a bhidheamar in easbhuidh saothruightheóra duthrachtaigh in aon nidh do bhain le obair ár g-Cumainn, bhi siad le fághail againn ionnat-sa a g-cómhnuidhe. Bhi tá reidh le do chómhairle, réidh le do pheann, agus réidh le do chuid maoine in gach cruadh-chás in a rabhamar ariamh. In do dheagh-chroidhe mór tá gean do gach fior-Ghaedheal air fud an domhain, agus budh mhaith leat an t-Eireannach agus an t-Albanach do thabhairt le chelle aris mar do bhidheadar fad ó, gan imreas no bruigbean eatorra, acht iad araon tathuighthe in aon chúis, faoi aon mbeirge, air son tire, teaghlaigh agus teangadh.

Tá bród orrainn thú do chailleamhuin as ár measg air feadh beagán mios féin, acht cia b'i áit in a m-béidh tá, tá'n fios againn gurab é cúram an Chumainn so do c.dram-sa; agus air an taobh eile bi-se cinnte nach n-deunfamaoid dearmad ort, oir leanfaidh ár m-beannachta is dáthrachtaighe thá in d'aisdearaibh uile air feadh do chuarta in "Elrinn trasna an t-Sáile"

Ag sáil go m-beidh aimsir shuaire, shona agad ameasg do charad 'san t-sean-m-baile, agus ag guidhe go g-cuirfidh Dia thá slán air ais chugainn. Is sinne-ne, a Shaoi, air son Cumainn na Gaedhilge. Do chairde bith-dhilse,

EAMON T. MACCRIOSDAMHAIL,
Uachdarán.
PIRS DE CENT,
Cléireach.
ANNA NI RAGHALLAIGH,
EIBHLIN T. NI BHARCLAOIDH,
SEBHEAL NI LOINGSIGH,
Cuideachta.

### PATRIOTS' DAY

**At the Irish Village and Donegal Castle.**

Arrangements have been made to celebrate the patriots of Ireland and heroes of Irish history at the Irish Village in the Midway Plaisance. The first of these occasions will be this (Saturday) afternoon. The Irish patriots who will be celebrated today are Wolfe Tone, Grattan and O'Connell. The portraits of these great men hang on the walls of the banquet hall of Danegal Castle, and today the model of the memorial chapel now being erecteh to the memory of the great Liberator at Cahirciveen, county Kerry, by the exertions of Canon Brosnan, will be unveiled, and the chair used by O'Connell, the cap with which he was publicly crowned, and other relics will be put on exhibition in the hall. On the Village green a platform will be erected, and orations will be given by speakers who command the sympathy and attention of the Irish race. Mr. M. V. Gannon of Omaha, Neb., will speak on Daniel O'Connell, and John F. Finerty will speak on Grattan and Wolfe Tone. Addresses will also be delivered by Mr. E. O'Connell and Father McCarthy. This interesting occasion is the first of many which, during the next three months, will take place at Donegal Castle, and at which the great men of Ireland will be celebrated.

### "WISHING CHAIR" DEDICATED.

Mrs. Potter Palmer dedicated the "Wishing Chair" at Mrs. Hart's Irish Village, which surrounds Donegal Castle and round tower, at Midway Plaisance, last Wednesday evening, under the light of the moon. Mrs. Palmer was accompanied by Gen. Nelson A. and Mrs. Miles, and Colonel and Mrs. Frederick D. Grant. Mrs. Hart briefly introduced Mrs. Palmer to the large company assembled, and Mrs. Palmer responded by saying she was present to show her sympatay wito the good work accomplished by Mrs. Hart for Irish industries. It had been said that women could not keep a secret, and she meant to justify this assertion by telling beforehand the secret wish she meant to make when she sat in the "Wishing Chair." It was that Mrs. Hart might obtain all the funds she required to build a technical school and carpenters' shop in Gweedore, toward which object the fees charged for sitting in the chair and standing on Irish soil would be devoted. At this moment clear treble voices were heard singing, "Come Back to Erin," and a procession of Irish girls bearing lanterns, approached Mrs. Palmer and heading the way conducted her to the "Wishing Chair." Passing into the inclosure, Mrs. Palmer proceeded to dedicate the chair by sitting on it amidst the singing of the choir and the swinging of the Japanese lanterns which illuminated this interesting spot. The procession forming again, Mrs. Palmer and her party, followed by a great crowd of visitors, proceeded to the Village Green, where they were entertained till a late hour.


### Wave Tossed.

Sea sick voyagers suffer unspeakable tortures. Then if Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is resorted to the tortures cease. Yachting parties, ocean fishermen, nervous, sickly people, whom the jarring of a railway train affects much in the same way as the tossing of the surges do one who crosses the Atlantic for the first time, should be mindful of this and be provided with an adequate supply of the Bitters. This incomparable stomachic will promptly settle a stomach outrageously disturbed, is a capital antidote to malaria and nervous complaints, remedies constipation and biliousness, and counteracts a tendency to rheumatism. Besides this, it compensates for a loss of energy consequent upon undue exertion or nervous anxiety, and averts the effects of exposure in inclement weather and the wearing of damp clothing. Both appetite and sleep are promoted by it, and general health rapidly improves through its use.


## LAID TO REST.

**Obsequies of the Late Rev. Dr. Thomas E. Walsh, President of Notre Dame University, South Bend, Ind.**

**A Large Attendance of the Clergy and Laity at the Funeral Services.**

NOTRE DAME, Ind., July 19.—All last night visitors were pouring in, and before the time set for the funeral of President Walsh this morning the university parlors and the park outside were crowed with the friends of the dead president. A large proportion of them were clergymen, and this number was increased this morning by the arrival of Bishops Spalding, of Peoria; Ryan, of Alton, and Rademacher, of Fort Wayne. Most of the members of the faculty, who are priests or brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and who have just finished their annual retreat, were present, and the lay professors who were off enjoying their vacations in various parts of the country were immediately telegraphed and arrived on early trains today. The remains of the president were brought to Notre Dame from Milwaukee late Monday night, and have since lain in state in the university parlors. Large numbers of people from the surrounding country have been pouring in to view the remains. At 9:30 o'clock the office of the dead was chanted by the priests in the sanctuary of the beautiful college church. About a hundred priests took part in this ceremony and the effect was solemn and imposing. When the office was concluded Right Rev. Bishop Rademacher, of Fort Wayne, approached the altar, vested in full cannonicals, and began the requiem mass. The deacons of honor at this ceremony were Very Rev. Vicar General Brahmer, of Fort Wayne, and Very Rev. Dean Dechtering, of Mishawaka. The deacon and subdeacon of the mass were Rev. Fathers Fitte and Regan of the university. The choir was composed of members of the community. After the gospel Right Rev. Bishop Spalding ascended the pulpit, which had been draped in mourning, and delivered an eloquent panegyric on the dead priest. Bishop Spalding had been a lifelong friend of Father Walsh, and the two had a deep and affectionate appreciation of each other's merit. The bishop spoke of Father Walsh as a man, a scholar, a thinker, an educator, a churchman, as a president and as a friend. At the end of the mass the bishop, dressed in cape and mitre, pronounced the final benediction, the clergy forming a circle about the catafalque. The remains were tenderly borne to the hearse and the funeral cortege proceeded on its way to the cemetery. The pallbearers were: Right Revs. John L. Spalding, Peoria; Ryan, Alton, Ill.; Rademacher, Nashville, Tenn. Very Revs. Wm. Corby, Notre Dame; Brahmer, Vicar General, Fort Wayne. Revs. John Beckman, Michigan City, Ind.; Stanislaus Fitte, Notre Dame; Frank O'Brien, Kalamazoo, Mich.; J. Toohey, Academy, Ind.; A. M. Quatman, Cincinnati; Edmund Hill, Louisville; John Maloney, Jackson, Mich.; P. P. Cooney, Notre Dame.

At the grave the bishop again blessed the remains, recited the prayers prescribed by the ritual of the Catholic church and the casket was reverently lowered into the grave that had been prepared. Father Walsh belonged to a religious order, one of the primary rules of which is that no distinction must be accorded to any member, either in life or death, and the brilliant scholar who had for twelve years presided over the destinies of Notre Dame University was laid for his last long sleep in the midst of the humblest brothers who had done manual labor on the university lands. Among the distinguished men at the funeral were: J. Guendling, Lafayette, Ind.; F. Reuter, Cincinnati; S. M. Yenn, Goshen, Ind.; D. O'Donovan, New York; T. Buyse, Jackson, Mich.; J. Jaas, Dowagiac, Mich.; M. Byrne, East Chicago, Ind.; F. Ollain, Canada; M. A. Condon, Oregon; Mooney, Fort Wayne; Moore, Fort Wayne; P. J. Tinan, Chicago; F. Linneborn, Notre Dame; Wm. Connor, Notre Dame; C. Guendling, Fort Wayne; J. Dempsey, Valparaiso, Ind.; E. Dunne, Chicago; F. Koppas, Cincinnati; P. Lauth, Austin, Texas; M. Robinson, Cincinnati; J. Rogers, Cincinnati; J. Delaney, Fort Wayne; J. B. Sheier, Austin, Texas; J. Grieff, Union, N. Y.; P. Hickey, South Chicago; D. McLaughlin, Niles, Mich.; N. Raszkiewicz, Otis, Ind.; F. Malloy, Watertown, Wis.; J. M. Cartan, Chicago; W. J. Quinlan, Fort Wayne; Koenig, Fort Wayne; Boeckleman, Fort Wayne; Father Saulnier, New Orleans; R. Franciscus, Notre Dame; P. P. Klein, Notre Dame; J. Sullivan, Aughadown, Cork, Ireland; T. Ryan, Lenox, Mich.; H. Willmes, Milwaukee; Ed. Kelly, Chicago; N. Stoffel, South Bend; John Lauth, Notre Dame; J. Oechtring, Fort Wayne.

Among the distinguished laymen were John Gibbons, William J. Onahan, Hugh O'Neill, J. V. O'Donoell, O. Sullivan, S. Hummer, P. McFadden, E. Sugg, W. C. Ball, Chicago; L. Hubbard, South Bend; W. P. Breen, Fort Wayne; Judge Prendergast, P. Cavanagh, C. Cavanagh, John S. Cooke, Thomas J. McConologue, E. Shaack, J. Kearns, D. J. Wile, Chief Justice Howard, Indianapolis.

The alumni of the University of Notre Dame adopted these resolutions:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty God in the exercise of His holy will to call from among us the courteous and kindly, the sincere and self-sacrificing, the brilliant and gifted man who for the past twelve years has been the president of the University of Notre Dame, the Very Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, and who meanwhile has stood conspicuous before the country as the great educator, the profound scholar, the able speaker, the patriotic citizen; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That the alumni of the University of Notre Dame recognizes that it has lost a near associate, an able friend; that the faculty of the University of Notre Dame, of which he has been the head, have sustained a loss almost irreparable; that one of the greatest lights of the country has been extinguished; that a valiant and gifted gentleman has been called to lay down the cross and take the crown, and that to the citizen who loves patriotism, although himself summoned early to his reward, he has left a record creditable to aspiring mahhood and worthy of emulation.

*Resolved*, That we tender to the relatives and to the community of which he was so conspicuously a gifted member the assurance of our sincere sympathy in this solemn hour of sadness and bereavement.

*Resolved*, That copies of these resolutions be forwarded to his relatives and be furnished to the press, and that a copy be engrossed and placed in the memorial hall of Notre Dame.

### WHAT AILS THE GAEL?

BY D. M. JONES.

What ails the Gael, and all his kin.
The wide world o'er?
Though bright his smile has always been,
'Tis brighter than before.
Quoth he, and all his Celtic kin,
"'Tis brighter than before."

What has his laughter glorified?
What is't he sees?
The ripple of the turning tide,
The music of the breeze!
Quoth he, and every Celt beside,
"'The ripple and the breeze."

How calm he looks! What is't he hears?
The angry seas?
Nay, while the sky above him clears,
The ripple and the breeze!
Quoth they, while Freedom's visage clears,
"The ripple and the breeze."

Behold! on every shore he stands,
With victory's mien;
He and his cousins clasping hands,
With smile serene.
Quoth they, "And Freedom understands
That smile serene."

Though 'gainst the century's setting sun
Dark rocks arise,
Lo! now the smiling ripples run
From countless Celtic eyes!
"Nay, nay, 'tis Freedom's rising sun,"
The ready Celt replies.

What ails the Gael, and all his kin,
Whe wide world o'er?
Though bright his smile has always been,
'Tis brighter than before.
Quoth he, and all his Celtic kin,
"'Tis brighter than before."

—*Ex.*

### SURPISING A PRIEST.

Sunday afternoon a number of ladies and gentlemen representing the parishoners of St. Bridget's Roman Catholic church, called on the Rev. Father Bonfield, late assistant pastor of their church, at his residence, No. 627 Albany avenue, and gave him a pleasant surprise in the shape of a purse containing about eleven hundred dollars, as a token of the esteem in which he was held by the members of that parish. Archbishop Feehan having promoted him to the charge of a new parish being organized in the vicinity of Douglas Park. The following committees made the presentation:

For the gentleman—Messrs. James A. Hogan, John E. Long, Richard Fitzgerald, Stephen H. Kelley, Thomas J. Finucane, Thomas Egan, Daniel Tracey, Patrick L. Fogarty, Martin Bonfield, Thomas Dugy, Patrick Conway, Martin Hogan, Thomas Hickey and Thomas J. McInerney.

For the ladies—Mrs. J. A. Hogan, M. Finucane, J. Cavanaugh, T. J. Maney and the Misses A. Enright, A. R. Bonfield and H. Maher.

A few appropriate remarks were made by James A. Hogan, John E. Long and Richard Fitzgerald on behalf of the gentlemen, and similar addresses by Mrs. James A. Hogan, J. Cavanaugh, the Misses A. Enright and A. R. Bonfield.

Father Bonfield responded in a most graceful and feeling manner in a few well chosen words, but was so overcome by the generosity of his late parishioners that he was unable to proceed at any length, and called on Messrs. Luke Coyne, John Devlin, A. G. Huckin, I. Hassett, H. S. Thompson, Daniel Coyne, M. Bracken and others. The above gentlemen returned their sincere thanks as representatives of the new parish for the liberal donation to Father Bonfield, and the good, kind spirit in which it was given. After partaking of refreshments the committees retired, wishing the good father every success in his new field of labor.


### What Do You Take

Medicine for? Because you are sick and want to get well, or because you wish to prevent illness. Then remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla CURES all diseases caused by impure blood.

Purely vegetable—Hood's Pills—25c.

VISITORS to the famous watering place, Kilkee, county Clare, Ireland, will find the best accommodations at Mrs. Kelly's, 1 and 2 Billow View.


## TOUGH HORSE FLESH.

**Historic Rides Made by American Cavaliers in Different Parts of the Country—"Buffalo Bill's" Hard-Riding Record.**

**What the Army Troopers Have Done to Illustrate the Pluck and Endurance of the Boys in Blue.**

The recent cowboy race from Chadron, Neb., to Chicago, and the excellent condition of the horses used by the riders at the conclusion of the trip, which goes to prove the stamina and enduring qualities of the Western bred horse, and was one of the marvels of the race, calling forth as it did, the admiration of rough riders everywhere and securing from the agents of the Humane Society a certificate that, with few exceptions, the horses were in good health when they reached this city, brings to mind some famous long-distance rides by scouts, soldiers, and dispatch carriers on the Western plains. These riders performed feats with their horses that brought forth encomiums from generals in the army, and in the light of recent events are well worth the relating. All these trips were in the face of dangers not met with on the Chadron race; every man was riding in the performance of duty, and pluck and endurance were displayed by both men and horses.

From the nature of things there have been few long races under conditions similar to those of the cowboy contest, but there have been many splendid examples of endurance on the part of American soldiers and plainsmen riding American horses.

A story is current in the Southwest that a frontiersman named F. X. Aubrey years ago galloped from Santa Fe to Independence, Mo., in a few hours less than seven days. The distance was 840 miles, and he had four changes of horses. He won a wager of $1,000, but was so exhausted that he had to be lifted from his horse at the end of his journey.

Gen. Phil Sheridan has left a record in his autobiography of a ride by Col. W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") while carrying dispatches in Kansas in 1868, then an unsettled country with hostile Indians. It was in the winter, but "Buffalo Bill" rode 350 miles in less than sixty hours. He had several changes of horses. While a pony express rider, Col. Cody covered his own division and that of another rider, who had been killed the night before by Indians. The round trip of 324 miles was made without a stop except for meals and to change horses, and Buell's "History of the Plains," which contains the record, says the riders were scheduled to average fifteen miles per hour.

On June 8, 1860, James A. Moore received an important government dispatch at Midway station, in western Nebraska. He carried it to Julesburg, Colo., 140 miles, and met another government message coming east. The rider who should have carried it had been killed by Indians the day before, and Moore started on the return trip after resting only seven minutes. He made the round trip of 280 miles in fourteen hours and forty-six minutes, perhaps the most remarkable speed ever made. The west-bound dispatch, which relieved Johnstone from the command of the army on the coast, was carried from St. Joseph to Sacramento, over 1,900 miles, in eight days, nine hours and forty minutes.

On the pony express there were riders at intervals of seventy-five to 150 miles, and they changed horses every fifteen or twenty-five miles. The distance from St. Joseph to San Francisco was 1,996 miles. The first trip was made in ten days, the second in fourteen, and the third and many others in nine days. The trip from St. Joseph to Denver, a distance of 625 miles, was once made in two days and twenty-one hours.

During the late Indian war near Pine Ridge Agency Col. Guy Henry's colored command rode 102 miles and fought two skirmishes in thirty and one-half hours. The actual time in the saddle was twenty-two hours. These cavalrymen carried extra ammunition and blankets weighing twenty-five pounds.

During the Indian troubles of 1879 that resulted in the Meeker massacre, Sergeant Murphy rode 170 miles in a little less than twenty-four hours to secure relief for Col. Thornburg's command, which had been surrounded by Indians. The record is not explicit, but the presumption is that Murphy could not break through the Indian line with more than one horse. At any rate, considering the mountainous country, poor roads, and the night riding, it was a phenomenal performance.

During the Indian troubles of 1876 Col. Stanton rode with important dispatches from Fort Laramie in Wyoming to Fort Robinson in Nebraska, a distance of 100 miles, in the twelve hours between noon and midnight. He used but one horse.

In 1870 four men of Company H, First Cavalry, rode with dispatches from Fort Harney to Fort Warner, 140 miles, the last twenty in sand, in twenty-two hours. The actual marching time was eighteen and one-half hours.

Gen. Miles has a record of 150 miles in thirteen hours, stopping only long enough to change horses. This was made in New Mexico in 1885.

In 1877 Capt. Ezra B. Fuller made a scout after Chief Joseph in the mountainous country of Montana and covered 350 miles in five days. A part of his command continued the scout, and rode 900 miles in twelve days.

Lieut. Lieut. Bell of the Seventh Cavalry rode 105 miles in North Dakota in twelve hours with one change of horses.

A scout attached to Col. Lawton's command once traveled 540 miles in the Sierra Madre mountains on one horse in seven days and nights.—*Inter-Ocean.*

### GAELIC GAMES.

**Two Matches Hotly Contested By Rival Athletic Clubs.**

A hotly-contested football match followed by an interesting hurling game were the features of Sunday's proceedings at the Gaelic grounds, Indiana avenue and Thirty-seventh street. The O'Briens and the Innisfails were the contestants in the football match. A keen feeling of rivalry exists between these clubs, and as each felt that yesterday's contest would prove the superiority of one or the other, every point was vigorously contested. So hot was the play that several players, including both captains, showed a decided disposition to lose their tempers. When the ball was set in motion it was attacked with equal vigor by both sides, and play was confined for some time to neutral territory. After a short period, however, the Innisfails invaded, but were repulsed. Returning to the charge, however, Naughten scored a point. Soon after the O'Briens made an assault on the Innisfails' lines, and, out of a hot scrimmage in front of the Innisfails' goal, secured a point.

Later they secured a goal in a similar manner. Play was very fast during the remainder of the half hour, but neither side succeeded in adding to its score. After the change of sides the Innisfails made several determined attempts to secure a goal, but were unsuccessful. Finally they were awarded a point, securing a goal immediately after, which was disallowed by the referee on the ground that the player picked the ball off the ground. Before the close of the game they scored another point, the ball passing so close to the bar that it was very hard to tell whether it passed over or under it. So great was the conflict of testimony that the referee was obliged to decide according to his own judgment.

His decision was that the O'Briens were the winners by a score of 1 goal and 2 points to 3 points. The Innisfails will appeal from the referee's (Walter J. Pollard's) decision. The teams:

Innisfails—Geraghty, goal; Lynch, J. O'Callaghan, backs; T. Sullivan, McElligot, Mulvihill, half backs; Cap Martin, Naughton, White, center; Taylor, Donohue, Sullivan, right wing; P. Martin, Mullen, Broderick, left wing; M. Martin, O'Donnell, forwards.

O'Briens—O'Connell, goal; Fogarty, Kelleher, Lehane, backs; King, Donnegan, half backs; O'Shea, J. Woods, W. O'Connell, Cap Fitzgerald, Lehane, center; W. O'M. Burke, J. B. Woods, right wing; J. Lehane, Noonan, right wing; Murphy, P. Woods, forwards.

The hurling match was prettily contested, although the Finertys were outclassed. On several occasions they made matters pretty warm in the vicinity of the O'Mahoneys' goal, but during the first half hour they only succeeded in scoring 1 point to their opponents' goal and 3 points. During the second half the O'Mahoneys added very considerably to their score, while the Finertys only succeeded in scoring 1 point. The game resulted: O'Mahoneys, 2 goals, 9 points; Finertys 1 goal, 1 point. E. M. O'Reilly was referee. The teams:

O'Mahoneys—P. Healy, Thos. Davis, M. Howe, C. Clifford, J. Sullivan, J. O'Connor, D. Murphy, J. Galway, J. Harrington, M. Sheahan, J. O'Donnell, E. Ivers, M. Kennedy, R. Barry, M. Casey, M. Dunne, D. Healy.

Finertys—T. Cronin, J. Morrissey, R. Morrissey, T. Shaughnessy, W. Shaughnessy, M. O'Hara, M. Mulcahy, D. O'Mara, J. Fitzgerald, D. Hayes, J. Hayes, J. Ryan, D. Ryan, P. Healy, J. Walsh, E. Cahill, P. McGrath.—*Herald.*

### Resolutions of Condolence.

At the last regular meeting of Holy Cross Court No. 176, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Divine Providence to remove from our midst our beloved brother James Carroll, in the prime of life, his loss awakens within us most profound sorrow.

WHEREAS, By the departure of our friend and brother, the Holy Catholic church, and particularly the Church of St. Brendan of our city, has suffered the loss of a faithful and zealous member, his father and mother a dutiful son, his brothers and sisters a loving and affectionate brother, the community an upright, truthful and useful citizen, and the C. O. F. a member unsurpassed in fidelity and earnest desiee for the progress and welfare of our order, and

WHEREAS, By the death of our departed brother, who was possessed of the noble qualities of manhood that gained for him the affection and esteem of all who knew him; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That in humble resignation to the will of God we sincerely mourn our loss, and in loving memory of our lamented brother direct that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased brother, and be also entered on the records of our Court.

*Resolved*, That Holy Cross Court, No. 176, C. O. F., tender our heartfelt sympathies to the afflicted family, and condole with them in this sad bereavement.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be published in THE CITIZEN and also in the *New World* and the *Daily Sun*, and that our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Edward S. Kelly, David Ford, Michael McMahon, Committee.

# THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

## An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

### A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FATE OF THE FLAG-SHIP.

"My native heath is brown beneath,
My native waters blue;
But crimson red o'er both shall spread,
Ere I am false to you,
Dear land!
Ere I am false to you."

The Parliamentarian squadron had not lain very long in Waterford harbor when one morning, at an unusually early hour, the shrill whistle of the boatswain's mate aroused Edmund O'Tracy from his slumbers and summoned him on deck. His waking was a weary one. During the short period allotted him for repose he had tossed restlessly in his hammock, his mind a prey to disturbing thoughts, chief of which was that on the morrow he should be called upon to fight against his creed and country—that he, the descendant of the heroic O'Tracy's of Lough Erne, and the son of a valiant hater of English rule, should now be required to lend a hand in quenching the hearths and overturning the altars of his sireland. It was with this galling thought rankling in his breast, but at the same time laying there the foundation of a brave and generous resolve, that he ascended the companion-ladder, and issued into the cold, dark winter morn.

For it was on this day that the four ships composing the squadron were to make a combined attack on the Irish position on shore, and treat the besiegers of Duncannon to a liberal supply of balls and bombs.

The first sounds that greeted O'Tracy's ears when he reached the deck were the loud roll of the drums beating to quarters, and the command to clear away the starboard guns. The deck of the flag-ship was alive with busy preparations for the impending action. The cannon to the starboard side of the ship, which faced the Irish batteries ashore, were being rapidly loaded and pointed; the gratings were piled with roundshot; tubs of wadding lay beside every gun; and active "powder monkeys" were busily conveying charges of powder and rounds of grape and canister from the magazine.

The preparations being completed, the crew partook of a hasty meal, after which they resumed their posts and awaited the light of day, which soon came—too soon, indeed, for the sanguinary spectacle it was to witness. The chilly darkness gave place to a raw grayness, which was rapidly dispelled by the crimson blush of the winter sunrise. And though now robed in sober hibernal garb, rarely did fairer, or more picturesque, or more interesting scene spread itself beneath the rosy smile of Aurora. The most prominent object in the picture was Duncannon Fort, perched on its steep, gray rock, its three seaward batteries bristling with cannon, rising above each other tier over tier, and its frowning battlements and towers gilt by the sunshine. Before it spread out, bright and serene, the magnificent estuary formed by the confluence of three of Munster's noblest rivers, the sun's rays dancing on its sparkling waves and glowing on the sails of the four stately line-of-battle ships lying at anchor, and of the multitude of minor craft that glided hither and thither over the water. Jutting out from the fort into the estuary was a narrow tongue of land, on which stood an ancient lighthouse—said to have been erected by the merchants of Ross in the heyday of that town's commercial fame—forming a conspicuous object; while bounding the view on almost all sides were verdant, swelling ridges of land, crowned with brown stretches of wood and dotted with patches of melting snow. Strangest sight of all was that made by the juxtaposition of party flags and banners. Over the Irish batteries and over the Irish encampment, which was visible further inland, pitched in a sheltering valley, floated the green flag of the Catholic Confederation, in opposition alike to the royal banner of King Charles waving from the summit of the fort, and to the ensign of the parliament displayed by the ships. The circumstances that brought Puritan vessels to the relief of a royal fortress shall be explained in due time.

The four vessels of Capt. Bell's squadron were moored in line within easy cannon-shot of a small, dark mound on the shore, some distance from the fort and further down the bank. This was a battery which Preston's engineers had erected during the two preceding nights, in order to prevent the shelling of the Irish encampment; and to demolish it was now the aim of the squadron's commander.

The artillery duel was opened by the Irish. Scarcely had the first red gleam of sunrise shone in the southeast when a white wreath of smoke drifted from the dark mound on shore, the deep boom of a cannon rang over the water, and a roundshot whistled between the masts of the flagship, severing a rope in its course. Another report, and others followed like echoes coming from the distance to the inland. Instantly came the thunderous noise of a heavy discharge, and the summit of the fort was wrapped in a drifting sulphureous canopy as its landward batteries replied to the Irish cannon.

And now up to the masthead of the flag-ship shot the expected signal for action. Edmund O'Tracy, in his nautical garb, was standing mechanically at his post beside a gun, when he saw the parti-colored pennon flutter upwards through the air; and that moment he decided to put in effect the resolution he had formed—that of not fighting against his countrymen. For him the crisis had come. Quitting his place with a quick but steady step, he approached the first lieutenant of the ship, who was leaning on the bulwarks gazing intently through a telescope at the Irish battery. As soon as the officer perceived our hero he turned to him impatiently, shutting up his glass with a hasty snap:

"Well, sirah, what now?"

"Sir, I am an Irishman."

"Yes, rascal;—what then?"

"And I cannot—I shall not fight against my country and my faith."

For a moment the officer viewed the intrepid youth in surprise, and then, seizing him by the arm, cried:

"Ho, mutiny, as I live! Here, Crawley, Jones, seize this cursed mutineer, and clap him in irons;—stay, bind him to the mast here for the present. We'll see to his punishment by-and-by, in case he escapes the balls of his rebel countrymen yonder.

No sooner said than done. In a twinkling Edmund found himself lashed fast with cords to the mainmast, there to watch the progress of the engagement and muse on his peculiar position.

Bang! came the report of the first shot of the squadron, fired by a small carronade on the poop of the flag-ship, and immediately that vessel reeled in the water as its starboard broadside roared an angry reply to the Irish fire. This was followed by the boom of the ordnance of the other frigates, and now for about half an hour the four vessels maintained an incessant rain of shot and shell on the opposing battery. But the dark mound liberally replied with a vigorous and well-directed fire, which soon began to tell violently upon the frigates, particularly upon the flag-ship; and our hero felt a thrill of exultation rather than of alarm as he marked the rapidly successive flashes of his countrymen's guns, and witnessed the destruction caused by each discharge. Now there was a shower of splinters falling around him, as the mast over his head was grazed by a cannon ball; now a round shot crashed through the bulwarks, killing two men on the spot and knocking a gun off its carriage; while the destruction to the hull, yards, and tackle of the ship was immense. Some curious incidents happened in the heat of the action. Actually shot away from the masthead by the hurtling rain of missiles, the gaily colored flag of the parliament flew off over the water, into which it finally plunged. Upon its fall two nimble young sailors ran aloft to hoist the Irish Harp, then an acknowledged British ensign; but, panic-stricken by the iron shower, they were hurled from the yards to the deck, being grievously injured by their fall.

Meanwhile the guns of the fort and those of the inland Irish batteries were pounding away in mutual hostility, and the loud roar of artillery reverberated over land and water.

By degrees the fire of the frigates abated, and they exhibited every indication of being worsted. The fire of the battery on shore continued to do much execution, and at length Capt. Bell gave the signal to cut cables and make for the open sea. But this was by no means an easy matter to accomplish. No sooner did the worthy captain set the example by cutting his own cable than both wind and water seemed to conspire against him. The rising tide, aided by a light breeze, bore his vessel within musket range of the terrible black mound, enabling the Irish musketeers to pick off his men at their quarters, and the Irish artillerymen to plant their heavy metal along the water-line of the flag-ship's hull. The other vessels fared almost similarly; but after a little the whole four managed, with great difficulty, to take themselves out of the battery's range, a peal of cheering from the triumphant Irish saluting the squadron as it sheered off.

The flag-ship cast anchor down the harbor in safer moorings, and it was only now that Edmund was released from his precarious position. The sailors who undid his fastenings found him hanging, limp and nearly insensible, by his bonds, his legs bent under him, his head drooping on his breast, and a small pool of blood at his feet. He had been wounded in the chest by a sharp splinter, but the wound, though deep, was not dangerous. The men speedily revived him by the application of some rude restoratives, and then conducted him to the cockpit to have his wound dressed. As he passed along the deck he saw on every side vivid tokens of the late engagement. Jagged holes were torn in the bulwarks, broken spars and a tangle of ropes and blocks encumbered the deck, severed ropes trailed idly hither and thither, gouts and splashes of blood were visible everywhere. Most appalling sight of all lay, side by side, stark and gory, several corpses of men, victims of the day's combat.

In the cockpit, crowded with maimed, bleeding, and groaning wretches, his wound was quickly bandaged by the surgeon's assistant, and thence he was immediately conducted, by the captain's orders, to a dark, noisome nook between decks, where, despite his wound, he was heavily ironed and left alone.

In that odious den, the haunt of rats and cockroaches, what with the smarting of his wound and the bitterness of his thoughts, the time passed slowly and drearily enough, although he felt assured the next day should bring him a hasty court-martial, followed by a rope at the yardarm, perhaps worse. Too much experience had he of Puritan cruelty to allow him to see things in a rosy light. Besides, the stern discipline of the ship left no hope for him. More than once he had seen a man hanged on board for what was then considered an act of mutiny; and many a time, within the past eight months, when the boatswain "piped all hands to witness punishment," he had been compelled to stand shuddering at the gangway gratings while the back of some poor wretch was being lacerated by the cat-o'-nine-tails. Doleful, however, as were his prospects, he felt that in refusing to fight against his countrymen he had but done his duty as an Irishman and a Catholic, and that under similar circumstances he would readily do the same again.

But the following day passed, bringing him nothing but one scanty meal, with the information that the ship had sprung a leak, and that all hands were engaged in repairing the damage sustained by the vessel and in working the pumps; and hence the respite. So he passed another dull, wakeful night in that horrible black hole, hearing intermittently the monotonous clank, clank of the chain-pumps, and indulging in gloomy misgivings. What if the ships should sink? What if he should be drowned like a rat in that frightful prison, and his young life extinguished in its bloom? Would his friends in dear old Brefiny ever learn his fate? Would sweet Kathleen Ny-Cirnin drop a sad tear to the memory of her unhappy lover? And then he laughed bitterly at his fears, and sat calmly and resignedly musing on his dreary "Hobson's choice." Yes, verily, thought he, drowning tonight were preferable to hanging tomorrow.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

**Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.**

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

**If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,**

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

**A Night On the Way.**

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

**To Denver via Burlington Route.**

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

**The Conductor's Large Acquaintance.**

"When I was out in Chicago at the opening of the World's fair," said a friend of mine, "I had occasion to make a call on some old acquaintances on the West Side. The streets in that portion of the city had many of them the baptismal names of women, and as I lived there at one time the calling of them by the car conductor sounded familiar to me, although it seemed to puzzle an old countryman on board, who was doubtless visiting Chicago for the first time. There were a number of ladies among the passengers, and as the conductor called out 'Elizabeth' the car stopped, and one of them got off. A few squares farther and there was the call 'Ada,' followed by a stop and the exit of another lady.

"The old countryman began to look interested, and when the next call came, 'May,' and he saw a lady gather up her bundles and walk down the aisle, he had a puzzed air. In quick succession there came 'Pauline,' 'Roberta' and 'Augusta,' followed by the departure of a passenger. The old man could not stand it any longer. His eyes bulged out, and making a rush for the platform he said in a stage whisper to the conductor, 'Great snakes, mister, do you know the names of all the women folks in this big town?'

"He had been under the impression that each woman who left the car answered to the name that was called out."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**Interesting People.**

"What makes a person interesting?" It cannot be intellectual brilliancy, for we have all known men whose minds were stored with the best thought of the world, yet wholly failed to interest us; women whose brains were developed by the widest culture, yet were unable to appear other than dry as dust catalogues of knowledge. Think of the people who interest you and study their qualities, and how few you find possessing just the same traits.

It is all a matter of magnetic soul currents possibly. Why not? We can hardly dispute that some human bodies convey electricity much more readily than others. In almost any gathering of a dozen persons at least one will be found who possesses this strange power, the touch of whose hand can cause a sensation like that of touching an electric battery.

Is there anything impossible in the theory that souls have their electric currents, which pass more or less freely to and fro according to the individual power as conductor? Then we have but to assume that the person who interests us is one whose soul current mingles freely with our own. This is perhaps a more satisfactory explanation than the more commonly received one of animal magnetism, a quality on a lower plane and infinitely less subtle in character.—Boston Advertiser.

**Earthquake Phenomena.**

The wild, untamed earthquake is a terrible thing to encounter. The "quaking," the rending of the earth's surface and the other incidental accompaniments usually described are only a tithe of the real terrors of a seismic shock. To some the noise which precedes the real shock is more terror inspiring than the "quake" itself. Father Kircher describes these subterranean rumblings as "a horrid sound resembling that of an infinite number of chariots driven fiercely forward, mingled with the noise of cracking whips, neighing of horses and the cries of victory and despair on the part of the charioteers."

The sounds which preceded the great Lisbon earthquake are said to have resembled "the rumbling of empty omnibuses, chariots and barrels, the noise increasing in volume until it equaled the roar of a thousand cannons." Another peculiarity is the gyratory motion that is frequently imparted to sections of earth of greater or lesser area. At Colares in 1755 several stone houses in the lower quarters of the city were turned completely around, this, too, without rendering them uninhabitable.—St. Louis Republic.

**Where Frank R. Stockton Lives.**

Follow the Morristown road, past one country seat after another, for a quarter of a mile, and you come to Kitchell avenue. You are in Morristown now, but in reality nearer Madison. Turn to the left, and the first place you come to is surrounded by a low stone wall. Through iron gates a graveled roadway leisurely turns and passing beneath huge evergreens reaches a yellow and white frame house, with a veranda in front and a tower at the farther end. Opposite the doorway, beneath the great trees, is a rustic seat and a rustic table.

Between two of the trees is swung a hammock, and in pleasant weather Frank R. Stockton lies in the hammock dictating his fanciful tales to his wife, who sits on the rustic settee. It is an ideal home for an author, situated upon an eminence commanding miles of country, removed from the main road and surrounded by a grove.—Newark Advertiser.

**A New Crater In the Moon.**

In a bulletin of the Astronomical society of the Pacific Professor Weinek, director of the observatory of Prague, who is a specialist in the study of the moon and to whom have been sent copies of the Lick negatives of the moon, has discovered in one of the Lick photographs a crater which is not to be found on Schmidt's map. This object, which is estimated to be about a quarter of a mile in diameter, is of sufficient size to have been seen by Schmidt, and it is difficult to imagine that the distinguished selenographer overlooked it.

**Quick Action.**

"Centerline sent a story to a magazine the other day and got back a queer reply. They said the story 'lacked rapidity in movement.'"

"Well, where's the queerness of that?"

"You see, he sent the MS. one day and got it back the next, and he considered that pretty rapid movement."—Kate Field's Washington.

**Championed by a Gamin.**

A ragged, barefooted boy, a crossing sweeper, had doffed his cap to the Duchess of Sutherland in the hope of recognition, when he observed a well dressed but rakish looking man following her across the street, as if trying to force upon her attentions that were evidently obnoxious to her. There was a look of distress on the duchess' face.

"Scuse me, lady," said a boy's voice beside her, "shall I punch 'is 'ead?"

She turned, looked down angrily upon the little sweeper, and then said, smiling:

"Why, it's Jemmie!"

She had remembered his name after all, and at that moment the boy was hers, body and soul. Without waiting for another word he dashed off and turned a sort of violent "cartwheel" so adroitly calculated that he landed with two very muddy feet in the middle of the offensive man's waistcoat.

Then, before the man could recover from the shock, the boy had slapped him with one muddy hand across the mouth and with the other had deposited a handful of the filthy compound on the back of his neck.

The next moment the boy was in the grasp of a policeman, who dragged him away to the nearest police station. He was just being charged by the constable with having committed an assault when the duchess entered. She spoke kindly to the gamin and then explained the affair to the inspector on duty.

At her request the boy was set at liberty, and he staid only long enough to say to the inspector:

"It's the lady what nursed me when the cab run over me leg."—London Cor. New York Tribune.

**Hints About Driving.**

When driving, you must watch the road. Turn out for stones, so that the horse shall not stumble nor the wheels jolt over them; avoid the mudholes and places where the going is bad; let the horse slacken speed when the road becomes heavy, and if you want to make up time do it where the ground slightly descends.

It is a common mistake to think that a horse can haul a carriage easily on the level. On such a road he has to be pulling every moment; there is no rest. Whereas when the road now rises and now falls the weight is taken off him at times, and he has a chance to recover his wind and to rest his muscles. As between a level road in a valley and an up and down road over the hills, the latter is by far the easier for a horse to travel. When you come to a long level stretch, let your horse walk a bit in the middle of it.

Almost everybody knows that for the first few miles after coming out of the stable a horse should be driven slowly, and especially if he has just been fed. On a journey it is of the utmost importance to observe this rule. Be careful, however, not to check a young nag too quickly when he comes fresh out of the stable. Give him his head, talk to him soothingly, and presently he will come down to a moderate pace. If you pull him up at once, you vex him extremely, so much so that he is not unlikely to kick.—Harper's Young People.

**When Booth Saved Young Lincoln's Life.**

It was at Bowling Green, Ky., during the summer of 1877. Edwin Booth stood upon a platform waiting for a train; so, too, did a man unknown to the actor. Buried in thought, this stranger left the platform to walk upon the track, not noticing an approaching engine. One moment more and there would have been an indistinguishable corpse. Silently, suddenly, Edwin Booth seized this stranger and lifted him almost bodily upon the platform. So close came the engine that it struck the stranger's heels as they left the track. "Do you know who that man is?" asked Mr. Ford, the well known manager of Baltimore, who witnessed the thrilling scene.

"No," replied Booth.

"Robert Lincoln, President Lincoln's son."

This was the most satisfactory incident in Edwin Booth's life. Sensitive as a woman, he suffered untold tortures for the mad deed of his brother. He had voted for Abraham Lincoln as president and never voted before or after.—Kate Field's Washington.

**Materialism Against Wit.**

Some things of course in the French display—especially of pottery and bronzes—are purely decorative, and some of the visitors of course are destitute of taste. The consequence is that occasionally a person will come along who will gaze at objects of transcendent artistic merit with no feeling but one of mystery and curiosity. So it happened the other day, when a simple minded woman stopped for awhile in front of one of a pair of vases 5 feet high, the price of which is $3,000.

She gazed at it attentively for a few moments and then said dryly to M. Melaile, who stood by, "Pray, what is that for?"

The Frenchman took her measure at a glance and replied with elaborate politeness, "That is intended to boil eggs in, madam."—Chicago Tribune.

**Making the Most of His Chances.**

The family tutor was invited to a grand dinner party by his employers and surveyed with intense satisfaction the half dozen wineglasses arranged in front of his plate. The footman came round with the wine. The young man presented the smallest of the glasses.

"It is vin ordinaire," observed the waiter.

"Ah, precisely," replied our ascetic philosopher. "I am reserving the larger glasses for the finer sorts."—Chronique Bourgeoise.

**A Modern Nimrod.**

Jimson—Where are you going?

Billson—Only off for a day's shooting.

Jimson—Great snakes! With that carload of freight?

Billson—Those boxes contain books, the latest and most complete compendiums of the game laws of the state. I don't want to shoot anything out of season.—New York Weekly.

**She Fed the Dog.**

An awfully swagger girl came into an up town drug store the other day. She led a tiny pug by a slender silver chain. Her hat was all a-bloom with purple flowers, and an Alsatian bow of purple ribbon was tied about puggie's neck so big as to give the impression that there was more bow than dog.

Milady seated herself on a stool in front of the soda fountain and tenderly lifted his small canineship to another seat beside her. The order was given for chocolate ice cream soda. When it was served, this rather remarkable young woman conveyed a teaspoonful of the cream first to her own lips and then to puggie's. This process was repeated until not a drop was left.

It developed during this interesting episode that the dog's name was Nig, and to see Nig blink his eyes and lick his small chops was very funny indeed.

"Ugh!" exclaimed a matter of fact woman looking on. "How that girl can put that spoon back in her mouth after that dog has licked it passes my comprehension. I think it is perfectly disgusting."

But Nig only blinked the more knowingly, doubtless thanking the good Lord that all women were not made alike.—Chicago News.

**Charmed by a Snake.**

As I was several miles out in the country, riding horseback from Pomona to Etiwanda, I saw a jack rabbit standing still only a few feet from the road. I drove up close to the animal, which still refused to scamper away. On the contrary, the rabbit stood or sat transfixed to the spot, though making a constant nervous, shuddering motion, as if anxious to get away, but at the same time being held to the spot. I was surprised that the rabbit did not flee at the approach of myself and horse, and when I looked a little sharper I saw a large rattlesnake coiled up under some bushes, his head uplifted, about six feet from the rabbit.

I shall never forget the scene. The rabbit was looking with indescribable eagerness straight at the slowly approaching snake and heeded nothing else. I dismounted, and seizing a long stick by force pushed the rabbit away, when the snake instantly swelled with rage and sounded its rattles. I wounded the snake and then dispatched it. The rabbit for a second or two seemed benumbed and was hardly capable of motion. That was over quickly, and the animal hopped away.—Pomona Progress.

**Chinese Temples In America.**

The census bureau has issued a bulletin which shows that there are 47 Chinese temples in the United States, valued at $62,000, claiming 100,000 worshipers. Forty of these temples are in California, 4 in New York, 2 in Idaho and 1 in Oregon.

Tilman Johnson, an escaped prisoner and alleged poisoner, was recaptured at Waco, Tex., after a desperate resistance behind barricaded doors.

Fred Wilcox, 8 years of age, while fishing from a raft near Pekin, Ills., fell in and was drowned.

The Chamber of Commerce at Hot Springs, Ark., has sent an invitation to President Cleveland to come and bathe in the city's waters and be cured of rheumatism.

* * *

Henry North, a bridge builder who lives in Chicago, fell fifty-eight feet off the new bridge being built at Danville, Ills. He may die.

J. A. Stephens, a merchant of Pueblo, Colo., was robbed of his pocketbook at that place by a muscular mulatto woman.

The Trades and Labor Assembly of Quincy, Ills., has passed resolutions indorsing Governor Altgeld's action in pardoning the anarchists.

Mommsen, the eminent German jurist, will on Nov. 8 celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his doctorate, and representative European students are arranging for a fitting commemoration.

James Berry, who stabbed James Hoar at Oconto Falls, Wis., has been held over to the circuit court.

Vice President Stevenson and party will arrive at San Francisco next Wednesday on the steamer Corona from San Diego.

At a recent school examination in Glasgow a pupil was asked to name the patron saint of Ireland. "Mr. Gladstone," was the unexpected reply.

*THE WOMAN WHO WORKS,*

and is tired, will find a special help in Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Perfectly harmless in any condition of the female system. It promotes all the natural functions, and builds up, strengthens, regulates, and cures. For women approaching confinement, nursing mothers, and every weak, run-down, delicate woman, it is an invigorating, supporting tonic that's peculiarly adapted to their needs.

But it's more than that, too. It's the only guaranteed remedy for all the functional disturbances, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses of womanhood. In "female complaints" of every kind, periodical pains, bearing-down sensations, internal inflammation, and kindred ailments, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Something else that pays the dealer better, may be offered as "just as good." Perhaps it is, for him, but it can't be, for you.

**EPILEPSY OR FITS**

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—I say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 20 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of to-day. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

# IT IS NOT SATISFACTORY

## SIAM'S REPLY TO THE ULTIMATUM OF FRANCE.

**Minister Pavie Leaves Bangkok and the Blockade of Siam Has Already Begun—If the French Commence Hostilities the Siamese War Vessels Intend to Ram the French Gunboats.**

PARIS, July 24.—The reply of Siam to the French ultimatum is not satisfactory, as it did not accept every condition imposed unreservedly. It is therefore a question of only a day or two whether there will be war. Much depends on the attitude of England. If it continues to

A BIT OF BANGKOK.

back up Siam the consequences will be of the gravest character for itself, for France, and for Europe. Minister Pavie has withdrawn aboard Forfait and the blockade of Siam has already begun. France will give notice to the powers before bombarding Bangkok, which is the next step that may be expected. The Siamese warships which are anchored one mile from the French are crowded with men ready for action. Their intention is, in case the French commence hostilities to steam down and ram the French gunboats, attempt to board them in force, and attack the crews with fixed bayonets. The German gunboat Wolf has arrived at Siam.

**Notified the Powers.**

The government has notified the powers that it intended to establish a blockade of the Siamese coast without prejudice to the other measures that may be taken with the object of securing to France the guarantees to which she is entitled. A council of ministers will be held to decide what additional measures shall be taken to insure the obtaining of guarantees from Siam. President Carnot is at Marly-le-Roi and the cabinet will go there for deliberation. The French government is making arrangements with another government for the protection of French subjects in Siam during the absence from Bangkok of M. Pavie, the French minister.

## DEADLY WORK WITH A GUN.

**Terrible Double Murder and Suicide at Metropolis, Ills.**

METROPOLIS, July 24.—A triple murder was committed here and a fourth man has a bullet in his thigh. The victims are: Richard Shoemaker, aged 30, dead; Richard Lukens, aged 28, dead; George Lukens, aged 30, dead; Richard Lukens, father of the two young men, shot in the thigh. Richard Shoemaker did the killing. After shooting the others he shot himself in the abdomen and died instantly. The affair is the result of a family row. Richard Lukens, Jr., married Shoemaker's stepdaughter, Miss Lillian Jones, three years ago.

Shoemaker was Miss Jones' guardian, and is said to have gone through a large amount of her money. Suit followed and much bad feeling.

Shoemaker went to Richard Lukens' gate, and finding the two men in the yard opened fire, shooting George in the right temple and Dick through the heart. The elder Lukens rushed out and received a bullet in the thigh. Shoemaker then walked a short distance down the street and sent a bullet into his own stomach. Had not Shoemaker killed himself he would have been mobbed.

**Michigan Town Fire-Swept.**

DULUTH, Minn., July 21.—Relative to a fire which nearly wiped out the town of Ewen, Mich., the following dispatch has been received at the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic office here: "Fire at Ewen burned nearly every building north of the railroad track except a few scattering houses on the outskirts of town. We had an engine there and saved all railroad property. The only buildings not burned are the depot, water tank and city water works, the town hall and a church." Nothing is known by the railroad officials here of the reported lynching of the man who is supposed to have started the fire.

**True Bill Against Ainsworth.**

WASHINGTON, July 24.—The grand jury found a true bill against Colonel Frederick C. Ainsworth, chief of the record and pension division of the war department; George W. Dant, the contractor employed to make the excavation for the electric light plant; William E. Covert, superintendent, and France Bona, engineer of the building, holding them responsible for the Ford's old theater disaster on June 9 last, in which seventy-three persons lost their lives and a large number of others were injured.

**Senator Stanford's Successor.**

SAN FRANCISCO, July 24.—Governor Markham settled the vexed question of senatorial succession by appointing George C. Perkins as the successor of Stanford in the United States senate. This action was a surprise, as it was expected the honor would be given to M. H. DeYoung, M. M. Estee or Irwin Stump. Perkins is an ex-governor of California, and has filled many state offices. He was born in Maine in 1839.

**Mysterious Murder.**

QUINCY, Ills., July 21.—S. P. Bradshaw, a Singer Sewing Machine company agent, was shot at Kingston about 11 o'clock at night, while at the house of Charles Breckinridge. Mrs. Breckinridge says that a masked mob came to her house and called Bradshaw out. He went out, fired into the crowd, and was killed. One man heard the shots. No one can find out who composed the mob. Mrs. Breckinridge bears a bad reputation and her story is discredited.

**Failure in Whisky.**

FRANKFORT, Ky., July 20.—E. H. Taylor, Jr., & Sons made an assignment for the benefit of creditors. It is one of the oldest whisky firms in the country and manufactured the "Old Taylor" whisky. The assignment was caused by the tightness of the money market, as the liabilities are said to largely exceed the debts.

## BLAIR ON THE CHINESE.

**The Ex-United States Senator Talks at Asbury Park, N. J.**

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 24.—Ex-United States Senator Henry W. Blair of New Hampshire, who was appointed minister to China, and repudiated by that government, delivered an address at the National service at the Fifth avenue auditorium before a vast assembly. His theme was "The True Relation of Our Nation to the Other Great Nations of the Earth," and he dwelt with particular force on the question of Chinese emigration. He asked: "What are we to do with the great and pressing problem of imigration?"

In referring to the Mongolian, he said: "Had it been permitted, 20,000,000 of Mongolians would now be occupying the western part of the country. They come to stay and to debauch the moral influences that now sway our people. They can live on 20 cents a day where it takes $2 to support an American." He urged self-preservation by shutting out the Mongolians. He cited the treaties with China as mistakes, as the advantages were on the side of the Chinaman, and claimed that acts of 1868 and 1882 did not go far enough in dealing with the dangerous problem. He asserted that the foreign powers were diplomatically trying to create an antipathy between China and this country for selfish commercial objects and declared that Great Britain was the most active nation in inciting the bad blood.

## OIL BOOM IN OHIO.

**New Gushers in Territory Abandoned Thirty Years Ago.**

NEW YORK, July 20.—A special to The Press from Toledo says: Intense excitement exists in the hamlet of Waterville, fifteen miles west of this city, over a phenomenal oil find. This territory was abandoned as worthless thirty years ago. Recent indications induced a few farmers and one or two oil speculators to lease all the territory possible. The work was conducted secretly. All at once several wells were opened. Two wells are flowing 600 barrels a day and several others are running 300 and 400.

Oil men from all over the country are flocking in on every train. The Standard Oil company also have representatives here who are taking up everything in sight that has not already been secured. A number of farmers will make thousands and perhaps millions, if they do not lose their heads. The little town of 500 looks like a city. Hundreds are arriving daily and are living in tents, board shanties and anything that will afford slight protection from the weather.

**The Vacant Justiceship.**

NEW YORK, July 24.—The World says: The World is in a position to state that President Cleveland will not appoint a successor to the late Justice Blatchford of the supreme court of the United States when congress convenes. The various rumors circulated that the justiceship will be offered to Secretary Gresham, or to Secretary Carlisle, or to Attorney General Olney, have no foundation in fact. Mr. Cleveland's cabinet will remain just as it is. The position will not be offered to Mr. Don M. Dickinson. It is almost certain that, as Justice Blatchford was a New Yorker and the Empire state is now without a representative in the highest tribunal of the republic, a New York lawyer will be appointed. Under no circumstances will the vacant justiceship be given to the west.

**Murdered by a Doctor.**

COLUMBUS, O., July 24.—Dr. Herman Hirshberg of 424 West Goodale street, shot and instantly killed Theodore K. Miesse, a grocer. Some days ago the doctor pulled a tooth for Miesse and went to the store to collect the bill. They got into a dispute and a fight, during which the doctor drew a revolver and shot Miesse through the stomach. Hirshberg went to the telephone, called Dr. J. H. Hamilton to attend the victim, and gave himself up to the police. Hirshberg is the son of a prominent clothing merchant of Newark. He is single. Miesse leaves a wife and three children.

**Public Schools Discussed.**

CHICAGO, July 24.—That branch of the educational congress devoted to general education discussed the public school system in the Hall of Columbus. "What Shall Be Taught in the Public Schools" was the theme, and brief addresses were made by Professor George P. Brown, George Packard, a Chicago attorney; Frank Gilbert, a well-known newspaper man; Rev. C. N. Towne, Mrs. Marion Foster Washburne, Hamlin Garland, the teacher and novelist, and Professor Cook, of the Cook county normal school.

**Piratical Outbreak.**

LONDON, July 24.—A dispatch to The Times from Singapore says that a piratical outbreak occurred among the Achines passengers on board the Dutch steamer Rajah Kongsee, trading on the east coast of Achon. The Achinez attacked the crew of the steamer, killing the English captain, mate and twenty-two of the Asiatic sailors, and wounded fifteen others. They then quitted the vessel, taking some of the passengers as captives. The steamer with the wounded is now in Dutch hands.

**Traveling Men in Chicago.**

CHICAGO, July 24.—Commercial travelers are gathering in Chicago from every nook and corner of the country. Thousands of delegates are hastening to Chicago to spend a week off with their fellow travelers in Columbian demonstration. Three train loads of the boys came up from Cincinnati—600 of them—under the leadership of Captain W. A. Johnston; an hour later 250 more from Cleveland reached the city. Every train that arrived in Chicago was filled with the "pilgrims."

**Will Try to Break the Record.**

QUEENSTOWN, July 24.—The Cunard line steamer Cothnia, Captain McKay from Boston July 15, for Liverpool, has arrived here. She reports that she passed the Campania, of the Cunard line, which sailed hence for New York, with the intention of attempting to break the western record. The Campania was then 140 miles west of Queenstown, having covered the distance in 6 hours and 28 minutes. It is predicted here that the Campania will take a big slice off the record.

**Remarkable Political Combination.**

TOPEKA, Kan., July 24.—One of the most remarkable combinations for the offices in the history of fusion deals in Kansas occurred at Eureka, when the Democrats and Populists agreed upon the same tickets for Greenwood county officers, but disagreed radically as to platform. The Populists adopted the Omaha platform and demanded the free and unlimited coinage of silver. The Democrats indorsed President Cleveland and referred to the Omaha platform as wild and visionary.

# LATCHSTRING OUT

## At the World's Fair to Indiana Editors.

## EVERYTHING WIDE OPEN FOR THEM.

**They Settle Down to Business and Amusement Promptly and Vigorously—Commercial Travelers Parade on Michigan Avenue Preparatory to Advance on Jackson Park—Indian School in Operation—Popular Teachers From Pittsburg.**

CHICAGO, July 25.—The Indiana editors were given a warm reception when they landed at the World's fair pier on their first visit to that great wonder. It was Old Sol who supplied the warmth, about 110 degrees of it. But Hoosier editors are used to hot places, and so they set to work to carry out their programme as if it

INDIAN SCHOOL BUILDING.

mometer ready to explode was a matter of small moment to them. Their annual summer association meeting will be held in the state building, and includes a systematic inspection of the exposition, combining business and pleasure in the daily programme of entertainment.

**Held an Informal Session.**

Headed by Commissioner Havens the editors went first to the state building. After dinner and a short rest from their long midday trip the members of the association were called together by their presiding officer and an informal session was held. Commissioner Havens made an address of welcome which was responded to by the president. Other informal speeches were made, but owing to the excessive heat the meeting was not long and the association soon adjourned to the open air. Then they proceeded to see the outside of the buildings which took them all the balance of the day.

**Entertainment at Night.**

At night they were entertained at a reception given in the state building between 8 and 11 o'clock. Every arrangement was made to make this a highly enjoyable social event, and the editors were at the same time able to see the exposition at night and pass upon the electric display that turns the park into fairyland and is always a pleasant surprise to the newcomer. Passes have been furnished all the editors to everything on the grounds, including the shows on the Plaisance, and in fact the latch-string is out down there for the Hoosier editor.

**First Session of the Meeting.**

This morning the regular meetings began at 9 o'clock. The programme was as follows:

Address—R. A Brown, the Republican, Franklin, Ind.; president Indiana R. E. A.

Address—General Smith D. Atkins, The Journal, Freeport, Ills.; president Illinois R. E. A.

Address—H. H. Kohlsaat, The Inter Ocean.

Address—General Jasper Packard, The Tribune, New Albany, Ind.

Address—"The Press and the World's Fair," Major Moses P. Handy, chief of department of publicity and promotion, World's Columbian exposition.

"Duty of Party to Press," S. Vater, The Call, Lafayette, Ind.

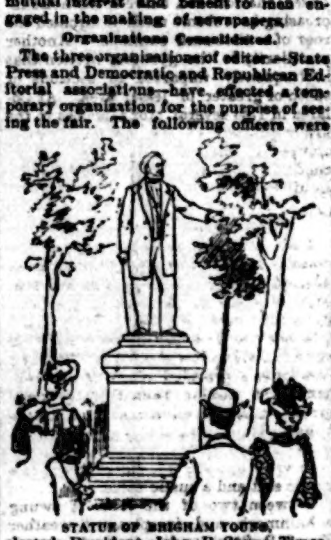
"Loyalty the Nation's Defenders," C. W. Stivers, The Herald, Liberty, Ind.

"Indiana," Charles B. Landis, The Journal, Delphi, Ind.

After the reading of papers brief discussions followed, the subjects being of mutual interest and benefit to men engaged in the making of newspapers.

**Organizations Consolidated.**

The three organizations of editors—State Press and Democratic and Republican Editorial associations—have effected a temporary organization for the purpose of seeing the fair. The following officers were



STATUE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.

elected: President, John B. Stoll, Times, South Bend; secretary, John O. Hardesty. Seventy-five of the editors and publishers who are members of the Republican Editors' association of Indiana spent some time at the state building, and were in business session for one hour in the assembly hall.

**The Drummers Begin Their Week.**

The commercial travelers met this morning on the lake front under their respective states, without regard to organization, headed by the Van Bulow Military band of sixty pieces, and escorted by the Chicago Hussars, under command of Captain E. L. Brand, who acted as chief marshal of the day. The parade marched down Michigan avenue and countermarched, passing the reviewing stand in front of the Traveler's club, 1227 Michigan avenue, where they were reviewed by Mayor Harrison, President Higinbotham, Colonel Rice, members of the national commission and directors of the World's fair.

## INDIAN PUPILS AT THE FAIR.

**They Take Possession of the Indian School House—Notes.**

Forty-six pupils, thirty-one boys and fifteen girls, of Haskell institute, the government Indian school at Lawrence, Kan., have arrived at the fair, and will remain until Aug. 16. The young Indians and their instructors have domiciled themselves in the Indian school building. George R. Dave, the master harness-maker, and Robert D. Agosa, the master trailor, accompany the school, and the latter, a full-blooded Chippewa from Northport, Mich., is the only Indian in the world having full charge of a tailor shop. He works forty-five young men and women, doing all the cutting and fitting for the children of the school, numbering 600. He is a pupil of the school.

There are twenty-one tailors represented among the Indians of the school at the fair, and among the blanketed tribes represented are the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Wichitas, Caddos, of Indian territory, and Sioux from the Pine Ridge agency. The boys have a brass band of twenty-two pieces, and this will be one of the features of the Haskell exhibit. Every day, Sunday excepted, the pupils, from 10 to 12 o'clock and from 2 to 4 o'clock, will pursue their usual school and industrial duties and while at such exercises the school building will be open to public inspection.

Fifty teachers from Pittsburg sent here by a Smoky City newspaper as the result of a vote declaring them the most popular teachers of the city, arrived at the park today. At 2 p. m. a reception will be tendered them at the Pennsylvania state building. Major M. P. Handy, chief of the department of publicity and promotion, and Wilson M. Gearhart, chief clerk of the Pennsylvania commission, will make addresses, to which N. C. Schaeffer, superintendent of public instruction of Pennsylvania, and Congressman John Dalzell, of Pittsburg, will make responses.

In the grounds around the Utah building there is a fine statue of Brigham Young, which is much admired by visitors. The statue represents the great Mormon standing with arm outstretched as if speaking, and is declared to be a first-class likeness of the Mormon leader.

Paid admissions to the fair yesterday dropped to the discouragingly low figure of 79,438, but there is a good prospect of a large attendance during the remainder of the week.

George W. Clingman, the Sunday opener, has had the World's fair authorities cited for contempt in closing the fair against Judge Stein's injunction. So that fight is on again.

This is the week of the International Scottish festival and the World's fair Caledonian games, under the auspices of North American United Caledonian association and the Scottish clubs and societies of the United States and Canada. Last evening William Gardner, president of the North American Caledonian association, tendered a reception to the delegates to the annual convention of the association at the Sherman house.

## THE BUREAU OF AWARDS.

**John Boyd Thacher Tells What It Expects to Do.**

The much criticised bureau of awards, headed by John Boyd Thacher, is pursuing its set course vigorously, and the various ends of the work are gradually taking form and shaping themselves into a whole which promises much good to the world. In speaking of the methods upon which the work of his bureau is based Mr. Thacher said: "This bureau from its organization has proposed to cause the most complete and exhaustive examination of the exhibits in the exposition, that we might obey the injunction of congress requiring us to disclose to the world the progress made in the arts, industries, and sciences. The commercial side of the awards question sinks into insignificance when compared to the instructive side.

"Grain is to be chemically examined to discover if the farmer is utilizing his land for the best purposes. Wool is to be experimented upon in the laboratory to ascertain the value of the fibre and the propriety of raising certain grades of sheep in certain localities and under certain conditions. Food products are to be analyzed and their physiological value determined. The opportunity to thoroughly investigate and weigh the best work of mind and hand brought here by the nations of the world will not occur again this generation.

"It would have been easy enough to have adopted the old-fashioned, meaningless method of making awards, and then everything would have been delightfully comfortable. But what educational results would there have been? To know that John Smith got a prize for his exhibit tells the world nothing. What we want to know is the specific merit or improvement over the past disclosed by his exhibit. I have always felt that the intelligent public would sympathize with us in this matter if it once understood our object."

**Killed by His Employer.**

OCONOMOWOC, Wis., July 25.—William Schumacher, coachman for William A. Thompson, of Chicago, was instantly killed by a blow struck by his employer. Young Thompson is a son of William A. Thompson, who died last year, and lives at his summer residence in Islandale, on La Belle lake. Mr. Thompson had occasion to visit his stable when he found his coachman in an altercation with another employe. Mr. Thompson interfered and struck Schumacher a blow under the ear from the effects of which he soon after died. The postmortem examination showed that death resulted from alcoholic apoplexy.

**Hanlan Beaten by Gaudaur.**

ORILLA, Ont., July 23.—Gaudaur beat Hanlan on the second trial of their race for the championship of America by seven lengths. He treated the once invincible rower to a dose of his own medicine, too. A quarter of a mile from the finish he stopped rowing—as Hanlan used to do—and waved his hand in response to the cheers of his friends. His time was 19:53, Hanlan 18 seconds later. The latter claims that the course was changed, causing his defeat, and has notified the stakeholders not to pay the money.

**Two Banks to Resume.**

WASHINGTON, July 25.—As viewed at the treasury department the week begins with brighter financial prospects. A number of the recently failed banks are taking the necessary steps to resume and Comptroller Eckels is lending them all the aid possible. He has been notified that the failed First National bank of Kendallville, Ind., and the failed Northern National bank of Big Rapids, Mich., would probably resume business this week.

**Death of a Chicago Brewer.**

CHICAGO, July 25.—John H. McAvoy, founder of the McAvoy Brewing company and one of the oldest and best known citizens of Chicago, died at his home, 2321 Calumet avenue, aged 63 years. Mr. McAvoy had been ill for a number of years, and of late had given up all attention to business.

**Jocky Thrown and Fatally Hurt.**

CONEY ISLAND, July 25.—Jockey Thomas Flyn was thrown from his mount at the Brighton Beach race track and received injuries from which he died soon after. The accident occurred while the second race was being run. Flyn was 22 years old and rode for James McCormick.

## MILWAUKEE BANK FAILS.

**Voluntary Assignment of the Commercial Causes Consternation.**

MILWAUKEE, July 21.—The people about the court house were thrown into a state of consternation when an attorney jumped up the stairs, two steps at a time, leading to the clerk of court's office and filed a voluntary assignment of the Commercial bank. This haste was owing to a number of creditors hard on his heels who had attachments and executions to file. The assignee appointed in the assignment papers filed is A. B. Geilfuss, the cashier of the bank, and his bond is placed at $1,200,000. The bondsmen are: Albert Conro, Charles F. Pfister and E. Mariner. The entire fund of Milwaukee county, amounting to $310,624, was deposited in the Commercial bank. Another big depositor was the newly organized Milwaukee Electric Railway company, to the extent of some $200,000.

The following notice was posted on the doors of the bank: "Owing to the heavy withdrawal of deposits, this bank has temporarily suspended payment." The assignment is due in a great measure to the bank's inability to collect outstanding paper, of which it held $419,000 worth, due from prominent Milwaukee firms, but principally, it is said, from the Schlesinger syndicate. This money, although the notes are from sixty to ninety days overdue, the bank was unable to collect. It is not believed that this failure will have any effect on any of the other banks in the city and there are no runs being made.

## MURDERED ON THE STREET.

**Prominent Attorney of Kansas City, Kas., Shot Down.**

KANSAS CITY, Kas., July 21.—On the principal street in the city, directly in front of the postoffice, Attorney B. E. Johnson was shot and killed by A. W. Little, formerly cashier of the bank of Armourdale and a director in several other banking concerns. Little was walking up the street in company with a friend when he saw Johnson approaching him, and addressing a remark to him to the effect that he must stop talking about him he drew his pistol and fired, the ball striking Johnson in the neighborhood of the heart and killing him almost instantly. Both men are well known citizens, and the affair produced great excitement. The only explanation given of the shooting is that Johnson and Little were once partners in a mine at Huntsville, Mo., and they had quarreled over some old business troubles.

## MOLITOR MURDER CASE.

**Four of the Condemned Men Sentenced to Prison for Life.**

ALPENA, Mich., July 24.—Jacobs, Fuhrmann, Vogler and Repke, who were convicted of the murder of Albert Molitor, have received their sentence. When asked by Judge Kelly if they had anything to say all of the prisoners expressed themselves as not being guilty. Repke was the only one of the four who broke down. The judge then sentenced them to imprisonment for life at hard labor at Jackson prison. They will arrive at Jackson on Monday.

**Saw a Sloop Overturned.**

SALEM, Mass., July 24.—A severe squall passed over Salem and vicinity between 2 and 3 o'clock and did considerable damage to trees and the various electric lines about the city. Joseph Oullette and Alexander Frazer reported to the police that while they were in the harbor they saw a sloop overturned. The sloop was painted white and had her mainsail and jib set. Three men were clinging to her. Before the men could be reached the boat had again rolled over and sunk and no trace of the men was found. A black soft hat and an oar were picked up.

**Ohio Town Fire Swept.**

TOLEDO, July 24.—The entire business portion of Edgerton, a small town of 1,200 people, in Williams county, was destroyed by fire. The flames started in a vacant building in the middle of the town and had assumed large proportions before the citizens realized its extent. Bryan, the county seat, sent an engine and hose cart in response to a telegram for assistance, but these were not able to cope with the fire. The loss is about $100,000, with about two-thirds insurance.

**The Condemned Choctaws.**

WASHINGTON, July 24.—A mailed communication was received at the interior department from Indian Inspector Faison concerning the efforts that are being made to save the nine condemned Choctaws of the Jackson-Locke faction in the Indian territory from death. It is stated at the department that at the time Mr. Faison's letter was written the matter was in an unsettled state, but that counter propositions looking to the safety of the condemned men were pending.

**Blew the Engineer to Pieces.**

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., July 22.—A threshing machine engine at Belen, a small river town south of the city, exploded and the engineer, Charles Pittman, was instantly killed, being almost blown to pieces. Besides Pittman several others were seriously injured.

**Father Walsh's Successor.**

SOUTH BEND, Ind., July 24.—The provincial council has selected Very Reverend Father Morrissey to succeed the late Very Reverend Father Walsh as president of Notre Dame university and Rev. Father French to succeed Morrisey as vice president. The latter is now in Rome.

**Just Want the Sherman Law Repealed.**

ST. LOUIS, July 24.—The Real Estate exchange at its regular meeting passed resolutions calling on congress to repeal the Sherman law at once. It recommended nothing in lieu of the Sherman law and free coinage was not touched upon.

**Fire in Pabst Brewery.**

MILWAUKEE, July 24.—Fire at the Pabst Brewing company's plant caused a damage of $75,000 besides destroying the homestead of Jacob Best, the father of Mrs. Pabst and the founder of the Pabst brewery. The damage is covered by insurance.

**Two Men Drowned Near Chicago.**

CHICAGO, July 24.—Two men were drowned in the Desplaines river, where the Methodist camp meeting is being held, while bathing. Both bodies were recovered and one of them was identified as that of A. Baker of Desplaines.

**A Clergyman Commits Suicide.**

YOUNGSTOWN, O., July 24.—Suffering poor health, Rev. George Stocking, of Leavittsburg, O., while visiting at the residence of his niece, Mrs. General Jones, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. He leaves a wife.

# THE NEWS CONDENSED.

**Items of Interest Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.**

Lizzie Byram, aged 19 years, daughter of A. J. Byram of Newark, N. J., died at Asbury Park of hydrophobia, the result of a bite from a pet dog.

Thomas Lynch and John and Charles Colton were arrested at Elgin, Ills., for violation of the internal revenue laws. They sold beer at a ball game.

Mrs. Charles Baker was burned to death by the explosion of a gasoline stove at St. Paul.

Suicides: At Waco, Tex., Benjamin Goldstein shot himself; at Vincennes, Ind., Patrick Connor drank inferior alcohol; at Hillsdale, Mich., Owen Betts hanged himself; at Buffalo, N. Y., W. E. Buck shot himself.

Frank Riggs was killed by lightning on the fair grounds at Elizabethtown, Ills.

Eddie Lowry, 9 years old, accidentally shot Will Love, a playmate, at Evansville, Ind. Love cannot recover.

W. F. Hunkins was arrested at Waukesha, Wis., charged with placing a mortgage on property he had already sold.

Mrs. Sarah Ketchum of Grand Rapids, Mich., was killed by falling down a flight of stairs in a clothing store.

James Larrabee of Wheeler, Ill., wants to be collector of internal revenue for the Thirteenth district.

The judgment against ex-Treasurer McFetridge of Wisconsin has been changed so that he has to pay $4,000 more to the state.

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Mrs. Henry Ahrens, one of the oldest German residents at Marseilles, Ill., was struck by a Rock Island passenger train at that place and instantly killed.

William Smiley, a farmer, living near Mattoon, Ill., was instantly killed in a runaway accident. His team became frightened at a balloon which took fire while being inflated.

The body of S. J. German was found beneath a mass of iron ore when the steamer Roumania was unloaded at Ashtabula, O. It is thought he was caught beneath it accidentally.

Ground for the memorial church of the Gould family to be erected in the native village of Jay Gould, Roxbury, Delaware county, N. Y., has been broken.

Two men are under arrest at Jonesville, Mich., on suspicion of having shot Conductor Charles Foster at Decatur, June 24.

Boney Betz, a single man aged 40 years, and Jacob Talkington of Athensville, Ind., were found dead on the tracks near Whitehall, Ills., about four miles apart, having been killed during the night by trains.

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Alfred Boone, who pleaded guilty to cutting wires in Iowa during the telegraphers' strike, was sentenced to eighteen months.

The Illinois state veterinarian has caused seventy-nine head of cattle to be quarantined at Duquoin on account of the Texas fever.

The anti-scalpers law has gone into effect in Minnesota, but the brokers at Minneapolis continue to do business. The railroads have arranged to comply with the law.

Honest Judge Job Lippincott of Jersey City, N. J., refused to discharge the grand jury, and arraigned the jurors in scathing terms for ignoring the lotteries which flourish there in defiance of law.

Lightning killed James Witts' two children while they were standing under a tree during a shower at Sadlersville, Tenn.

Charles Johnson, alias Larson, was arrested at St. Paul on a charge of forgery. He is thought to have passed many spurious checks for years past aggregating thousands of dollars.

* * *

Martin May shot and killed his wife at Aurora, Ia. She was 25 years of age and dissolute, and he was 50 years old and a drunkard.

Professor D. C. Thomas of Meadville, Pa., becomes president of the Adrian, Mich., college.

The third trial of M. B. Curtis has been set at San Francisco for July 31.

George Spencer fell from the top to the bottom of a mine at Duquoin, Ills., and lost his life.

Mrs. Gus Klemann of Shields, Wis., fell from a load of grain, breaking her neck and dying almost instantly.

A tramp who was ordered out of a barn by Clarence Keen, at Adrian, Mich., returned and fired the building. A valuable stallion was lost.

Cyrus Tanner fell from a second-story window at Iowa City and died of his injuries. He served in a New York artillery company throughout the war.

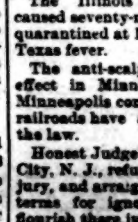
Miss Kirby Smith, daughter of the famous Confederate leader, was only a fourth-class postmistress when she was given the office at Sewanee, Tenn., but she has managed it with such tact as to enter it into the presidential class, and she now gets $1,200 a year out of it.

* * *

Joseph Gatz of Toledo, O., was found hanging to a nail in his kitchen. His wife's death caused the suicide.

Louis Wirchlinger, an aged shoemaker, committed suicide at Columbus, O., by taking morphine.


## A Veteran's Story



Jos. Hommerich.

Mr. Joseph Hommerich, an old soldier, 539 E. 146th St., N. Y. City, writes us voluntarily. In 1862, at the battle of Fair Oaks, he was stricken with typhoid fever, and after a long struggle in hospitals, lasting several years, was discharged as incurable with Consumption. Doctors said both lungs were affected and he could not live long, but a comrade urged him to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before he had finished one bottle his cough began to get loose, the choking sensation left, and night sweats grew less and less. He is now in good health and cordially recommends

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

as a general blood purifier and tonic medicine, especially to his comrades in the G. A. R.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. Address, DR. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.


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# THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JULY 29, 1893.


## AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Mr. E. S. Willard.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Lillian Russell Opera Co., "La Cigale."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Denman Thompson.

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

## "SAWNEY" MAKES US TIRED.

The North American United Caledonian Association held one of their annual conventions at the First Methodist church, on Wednesday. Capt. J. B. White, of Fort Wayne, offered a series of resolutions deprecating the general habit of alluding to the British island as "England," instead of "Great Britain," and asserting the equality of Scotland in the big "fence" concern known as the British Empire. A portion of Capt. White's preamble and resolution reads as follows:

"WHEREAS, Of late years there has been a growing and spreading tendency in the public press and with many publicmen in speaking and writing of Great Britain to speak and write of her as 'England,' an expression the use of which, while we believe no intentional slight of Scotland is meant, yet undoubtedly has that effect, in that it gives an idea to the many uninquiring minds that 'Scotland' stands in the same relation to 'England' as to Ireland and Wales, viz.: that of a conquered province in place of a free and equal peer in all that relates to the name and title of Great Britain; therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, That this meeting of the North American United Caledonian Association respectfully calls the attention of all public men and the public press to the prevailing misuse of the name 'England,' and asks all to refrain from using the term 'England' in all public affairs which belong to the government and history of the united kingdoms, and, instead, to use the proper and now historical title of 'Great Britain.' In doing this there is nothing derogatory to either England or Scotland," etcetera.

Captain White's claim that Scotland is a free and equal(?) peer [there is no such thing as an "unequal" peer, Capt. White] does not hold good in the light of history. At the time of the Scotch union with England—May 1, 1707—Scotland stood to England as one to six and demanded parliamentary representation on that basis. England bluntly, and even brutally, refused, so Scotland had to accept forty-five members instead of the sixty-six she demanded, or on the basis of one to thirteen. Not alone that, but England filled Edinburgh with soldiers—as she subsequently filled Dublin, in 1799-1800—in order to overawe the Scottish parliament. The Scotch commissioners, and the Scotch parliamentarians, sold out their country even more shamefully than the Anglo-Irish traitors sold out Ireland's liberty ninety-three years later. It cost several millions of pounds sterling to seduce the Anglo-Irish. The Celtic Irish were not seduced. It cost about £400,000 to seduce the Scotch—just twice as much as they received when, in 1649, they basely sold their king (Charles I.) to Cromwell, who promptly cut off his head. Queensberry and Stair ranked for nearly a century in Scotland on a plane with Castlereagh and Clare in Ireland. So little was the Scotch union regarded as a thing of equality with England by the Scotch, that a majority of the latter were prepared to rebel against the proposed treaty until the Duke of Hamilton foully betrayed the cause of his country, either through cowardice or self-interest. Even the Scottish regalia was hidden away from public view, for fear it might excite national pride and endanger the disgraceful union, by which Scotland, after having fought over 300 battles with England for her independence, cravenly surrendered her individuality for a mess of English pottage. She has been now the political concubine of England during 186 years, and yet her population does not equal that of Ireland, which has never given up the fight for liberty, and which maintained her independence for nearly a century after Scotland prostituted herself in the face of Europe. Moreover, the Scotch union was helped along by England's threat to again Cromwellize Scotland, by sending against her an overwhelming army and permanently garrisoning the country. The claim that England never conquered Scotland is absolutely false. Cromwell pulverized her as badly as he did Ireland, and she lay utterly at his mercy. The less the Scotch say about their union with England the better for their reputation. Even the very name of their country has been destroyed. They see their mistake when it is too late. England will simply laugh at the absurd resolutions they have adopted in Chicago. Wales can point to the fact that the eldest heir apparent of England always takes his title of Prince from her. Ireland has a viceroy, a viceregal court, a privy council, and her name remains intact in the official documents which describe the "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." Poor old Scotland, with her porridge, her haggis, her usquebaugh, her "God bless the Duke of Argyle," and all the rest, is lost in the shuffle. The sensible among the Scotch are so ashamed of their union and its results that they generally omit from the more recent editions of Burns' poems, his famous song on that measure "Sic a parcel of rogues in a Nation!"

THE CITIZEN is sorry to have to be so severe on Scotch arrogance and presumption, as manifested in the recent convention. "Sawney" is a good fellow enough, but he doesn't know half as much as he thinks he does. His ridiculous airs make us excessively weary. The Scotch, as Scotch, would always have kept a dignified place in history. Their ambition to be known as British has degraded their country to provincial nothingness.

## A "DEVIL'S ADVOCATE."

An Sean-duine Mor (the Grand Old Man) braced himself up in the English commons on Tuesday night last, and gave that miserable renegade Radical, "Brumagem Joe" Chamberlain a well deserved scoring. A great fault of Gladstone has been, up to date, a seeming desire to fall on the necks of his political enemies and there shed tears of sensibility over severed ties. He even went out of his way, at the beginning of the session, to compliment Chamberlain's son on his maiden speech, and his reward has been bitter criticism, amounting almost to personal insult, from the grateful father. Finally An Sean-duine Mor lost patience, and, according to the cable dispatch, sailed for "Renegade Joe" under the following circumstances:

"Joseph Chamberlain, leader of the Liberal-Unionists, moved to make permanent the provisional arrangement that Irish taxes should be collected for six years by the imperial government. In speaking to his motion Mr. Chamberlain denounced the government for truckling to the Nationalists. These gentlemen, he said, would be masters of the situation after six years. The Irish government would then conduct Irish finances so as to give a good pretext for wringing still more favorable terms from the imperial government.

"The house filled rapidly during Mr. Chamberlain's speech, as it was known that Mr. Gladstone would reply at length. When the premier arose few seats were vacant.

"Mr. Gladstone began by comparing Mr. Chamberlain's attitude towards the bill with the proverbial attitude of the devil's advocate, whose function it was, he said, to seize eagerly on every human failing and to misconstrue everything capable of misconstruction. This fling at Chamberlain pleased the Irish members immensely and they greeted it with loud cheering. Several shouted 'devil's advocate,' across the house at Mr. Chamberlain and others repeated the gibe frequently during the rest of Mr. Gladstone's crushing denunciation of his former friend and political ally. After repelling the charge that the Irish might eventually do as they pleased under the provisions of the bill, and that it in reality settled nothing, the premier turned toward Mr. Chamberlain and in a voice of anger and indignation said: 'The right honorable gentleman has brought into public life one of the most mischievous practices—the practice of continually and deliberately, with the utmost confidence in his own infallibility, ascribing to men who have the right to stand on the same level with him, who were at one time his colleagues and were supposed to be his friends, motives for their acts which they indignantly disclaim. By what right of infallibility is the right honorable gentleman enabled to pronounce on the state of things in Ireland six years hence? The Irish members in the house now number 103, yet nobody will contend that they are omnipotent (a loud 'O' from Lord Randolph Churchill). They will return in diminished numbers after the passage of the bill, yet we hear the argument that they will prevail against 570 English and Scotch members.'

"After desbribing Mr. Chamberlain's exaggeration of facts as "gross and habitual" Mr. Gladstone closed his speech with the declaration that the government felt satisfied its proposals would meet the approval of the taxpayers of the country."

A. J. Balfour came very cleverly to Chamberlain's aid, but Gladstone had captured the house, and everybody seemed to feel that he had effectually crushed "Brumagem."

By the way, this peculiar office of "devil's advocate" is not confined exclusively to the English house of commons or to canonical consistories. We know men, even in this free country, who delight in turning their neighbors inside out, and who revel in the detection of any human imperfection in their make-up. A large number of persons appear to have been specially created, not alone for the office of devil's advocates, but also for devil's firemen, way down in hell, where they can gratify their malignity by shoveling showers of redhot coals upon unfortunate spirits who may have incurred their enmity in this world.

## A SILLY CONTROVERSY.

Because a Chicago correspondent, writing to *United Ireland*, of Dublin, about the Irish Villages at the World's Fair, took occasion to say, in passing, that a certain leading Irish-American lawyer of this city was "the most brainy man in Illinois," or something of the kind, another Chicago correspondent, signing himself "Parnellite," has, in a recent issue of the same paper, taken up the cudgels for another prominent Irish-American lawyer of this city, whom he sets up as "the brainiest man," etcetera. All this is supremely childish, as neither of the gentlemen alluded to would feel particularly complimented by being held up to public view as the champion "brainy man," which is a very vulgar Americanism. Some men are "brainy" in one direction, and some in another. The two Irish-American lawyers indicated in the Dublin paper already named, are exceedingly able men in their particular line, and in other lines also, but they are not competitors for a prize medal in a contest of brain weight. The thing could not be decided anyway, except in a post mortem sense, and so long as those gentlemen live and are healthy, all discussion about their respective brains ought to be postponed. We are surprised that *United Ireland* should have been drawn into a Chicago fight which is purely personal, and, by the way, much more actively personal with the seconds than with the principals, who have too much sound discretion to bother their heads about such nonsense.

## AMERICAN HEAT IN IRELAND

There has been real American heat in Ireland this summer—something almost unknown in the previous history of the beautiful green Island. Perhaps it may be Home Rule weather—American climatic conditions ought to carry American social and political conditions with them. But the remembrance of Old Ireland, on a hot day in this country, makes us feel cool and pleasant. The vigor that ever lives in her mountain breezes, the perfumes of her matchless spring, the flowery glory of her summer, and the golden splendor of her autumnal days remain unforgotten. All she needs is to be entirely free of the English, Whigs and Tories, to be the healthiest and happiest country in the world.

It is odd to find an Irish journal, of the western coast, felicitating its readers because of a copious rain fall. Hitherto the complaints have all been the other way. Yet the Galway *Vindicator* of July 12 says:

"During the past week the heat in Ireland was intense, the thermometer averaging daily 90 degrees in the open, while the absence of anything worth speaking of in the nature of wind rendered the atmosphere very oppressive. Crops of all kinds were badly in want of moisture, and pasturages were suffering seriously, the number of cattle now on them in all parts of the country being much larger than at the same time last year, largely in consequence of the slackness of demand for store animals in England. However, after midnight on Saturday, rain began to come down, and for several hours it continued to fall copiously, benefiting cereals, roots and grass lands, to an enormous extent. In the afternoon of yesterday and throughout the evening there were frequent weighty showers, the temperature remaining high. It is impossible to overestimate the value of this heavy and most timely rainfall, stimulating, as it will, the growth of crops of all descriptions just at the time when its aid was most required."

There is one natural feature of Ireland that is rarely dwelt upon by writers who travel in that country—its countless wells of spring water, cold as ice water in the summer months. The streams that flow from them irrigate the country even in dry seasons, such as the present, and, although the grass may not sprout as luxuriously as at ordinary periods, when the full allowance of moisture falls, yet cattle never have to travel for miles in Ireland, their tongues literally lolling out of their mouths, for suitable drinking water, as they have to do in many States of the great West. If the Irish climate were to change—to become warmer and dryer—Ireland would be become an island Kentucky or Tennessee, and might develop capabilities of a new cereal agriculture—as, for example, Indian corn—hitherto undreamt of. Besides, it would attract the tourists from all parts of the world, and Ireland's beauty would shine out in fairer colors under a less clouded sun, although her verdure might be less verdant, and many of her time honored characteristics might undergo a startling change. It would be strange, indeed, if the sun of national liberty should chase away physical as well as political gloom.

## THE OGDEN GROVE DEMONSTRATION.

The United Irish societies have done well in securing the services of two such noted orators as the Hon. John E. Fitzgerald, of Boston, and the Hon. T. B. Minihan, of Omaha, to address the great annual Irish National demonstration to be held at Ogden Grove, on Tuesday, Aug. 15. Mr. Fitzgerald more vividly recalls the late Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher, as a speaker, than any other man of Irish race, or of any race. He has the same rhythmical flow of language, and the same graceful, yet vigorous, action without being in the slightest degree lacking in originality. Yes, there is about Fitzgerald, both physically and mentally, a something that agreeably recalls Meagher. Mr. Minihan is scarcely less widely known, and his orations, as published in the newspapers from time to time, show dash and finish. At Ogden Grove, Mr. Minihan will address the afternoon and Mr. Fitzgerald the evening meeting. Messrs. W. H. Joyce and M. J. Keane will be the chairmen of the two meetings. Mr. M. P. Brady will follow Mr. Minihan, and Mr. Finerty Mr. Fitzgerald. The display of fireworks in the evening will be on a magnificent scale, and will be superintended by Prof. O'Donnell in person.

## FRANCE DEFIES JOHN BULL.

The unfortunato kingdom of Siam is having a tough experience just now. France is after a large slice of her territory, and is likely to get it. England makes faces at France, and assumes a pious air when she rebukes that power for her exacting conduct toward "a weak and helpless people." Yet, just over the way, as it were, in Burmah, India and Cochin-China, England has been setting France an example of cupidity and robbery, in the name of religion, commerce and civilization. THE CITIZEN has no sympathy with the spirit of conquest. The rights of the Hindoos, the Burmese, the Chinese and the Siamese are as sacred on their own soil, as the rights of Englishmen or Frenchmen, or any other race of men. We have no sympathy whatever with the brutal attitude of superiority assumed by the Caucasian race—any branch of it—over the weaker, or alleged weaker, races.

If all men were created by God, which is indisputable, and sprang from the same pair of ancestors, which some modern savants deny, then one race of mankind is as precious in the sight of God as another. They may be heathens, even idolators, but God has not commissioned either England or France to murder and plunder them in order that their souls may be as brands plucked from the burning. Injustice and cruelty will surely beget their kind in the people injured, and we cannot wonder, considering what poor human nature is, that Hindoos, or Burmese, or Siamese, should occasionally retaliate in kind on their persecutors.

But, while all this is true, THE CITIZEN recognizes that the occupation of a portion of Siam by the soldiers and sailors of the French republic is an accomplished fact, and France has declared her right to have and to hold colonies in Asia the same as her old and jealous rival, England. The latter which a week ago, according to Harold Frederic, was indulgent to France because she saw the death mark on her brow, has suddenly ceased to be so unnaturally charitable. The action of France in the Siamese matter shows her to be the very liveliest kind of a prospective corpse, and John Bull is exasperated accordingly. Since the days of Louis XV it has been a dream of the French to have colonies in the Orient. When Pondicherry fell, about the middle of the last century, French interests were destroyed in India, and, since that time, France has been kept so busy in Europe and Africa that she has had little time to devote to Asiatic interests. Now, however, the situation has changed. France has colonies in Anam and elsewhere in that region, and she naturally wishes to extend them. Siam offers the fairest field for her aggressions, and the Siamese, by a cowardly act of treachery in killing a French official, sent on a friendly mission, have given France the much desired casus belli. The French demands for reparation have been, in part, refused. France has, therefore, withdrawn her minister from the Siamese capital, and has notified the Powers that she intends to blockade the ports of Siam. She has already a formidable fleet along that coast, and there is no doubt of her determination to fight. The English papers, of all parties, are furious against France. The French press is equally furious against England. Thus, it has become a very pretty quarrel. Germany has taken no significant part in the controversy up to date. It is suspected, however, that Russia has an understanding with the French government and that intervention by England against the French in Siam would precipitate Russia upon her. That mighty power is massed along the Afghan frontier, and, with France on the frontiers of Burmah, England, so to speak, would be caught between two fires. Thus the long delayed struggle for the possession of India may occur at any time.

Out of all this may come good for Ireland. England will certainly fight to the death to retain her Indian possessions. Their loss would mean her reduction to a third rate rank among the nations. It is our sincere hope that this may occur in our day. We should rejoice to see England humiliated to the dust, her fleet sunk, her armies routed, her name a by-word of defeat and political degradation. We should like to see the bitter cup held to her lips that she has held to the lips of our native country and race for centuries. Only one spectacle would rejoice us more—the independence of Ireland. With England's fall in the East, this would be sure to come. France would, certainly, profit by past experience, and redeem the self-confessed mistake of Napoleon by invading Ireland and separating her forever from England. The downfall of the British empire would be the downfall of commercial greed, spoliation in the name of the outraged deity, nauseating cant, insufferable pretension, and "Anglo-Saxon civilization" in general. The murdered millions of our people would leap in their famine graves with joy at seeing their enemy trampled in the dust. Let us hope for this most desirable consummation, and, while hoping, let us also be vigilant and prepare for practical work. There must be some Wolfe Tones of our race still left, and, if there are such, the French republican government should receive assurances of the sympathy of Ireland, and Irishmen everywhere, in any trouble it may have with England. We know that so no cowardly time-servers will seek, as usual, to misrepresent the sentiments of the people for political effect, but THE CITIZEN says that any Irishman, who in such a crisis, would fail to give aid and comfort, according to his ability, to the enemies of England, would be false to every noble instinct of national pride and manly resentment.

## IRISH CELEBRATION AT MRS. HART'S VILLAGE.

Mrs. Ernest Hart, that indefatigable worker, is going to have an Irish celebration, commemorative of Wolfe Tone, Grattan, O'Connell, and other Irish patriots, at the Donegal Castle Irish Village, Midway Plaisance, this (Saturday) afternoon, July 29, at 3 o'clock. Speeches will be delivered by the Rev. Father McCarthy, of county Kerry, who represents Canon Brosnan and the O'Connell Memorial church; the Hon. M. V. Gannon, of Nebraska; Mr. Edmund O'Connell, Mr. John F. Finerty and others. It is expected there will be a large attendance, as the O'Connell relics are of particular interest. Among other articles used or worn by the great agitator in his lifetime, the cap presented him by the sculptor, Hogan, at the monster meeting held on the Rath of Mullaghmast, in 1843, will be displayed. In presenting it to O'Connell, Hogan uttered the memorable words, "Sir, I and all here are sorry this cap is not of solid gold!" It was this expression of the sculptor which won for O'Connell the title, afterward given to Parnell, "Ireland's Uncrowned King."

## LORD MAYOR SHANKS AND IRISH DAY.

We are informed by the Chicago *Tribune*, in an editorialette of its Wednesday issue, that Lord Mayor Shanks, of Dublin, and several of his brother officials, are about to visit the World's Fair. Commenting upon his advent the *Tribune* says:

"Mayor Harrison and a select committee of the council will receive them in the name of the city 'with all the honors.' The day of their visit to the Fair will be the Irish Day, other arrangements to the contrary notwithstanding. Happily the present Lord Mayor of Dublin is a man whom all the Irishmen of Chicago can unite in honoring. He is a zealous Protestant of the Episcopal communion and at the same time an active Home Ruler. Like most Dublin men Lord Mayor Shanks remained loyal to Mr. Parnell when the split came. His relations with the McCarthy-Dillon-O'Brien-Healy wing, however, are cordial. As the chief magistrate of the Irish capital he is probably the most representative of Irishmen. His welcome will be cordial, and the occasion of his visit will be made a great day for Ireland in Chicago. All the aldermen and city officers, following the example of Mayor Harrison, will kiss the blarney stone preparatory to greeting the visitors."

When the *Tribune* says, rather arbitrarily, that "the day of their visit to the World's Fair will be Irish Day, other arrangements to the contrary notwithstanding" it seems to forget that the selection of the day lies with the World's Fair directory, and not with the Irish societies. The latter have no other object in view than a display of Irish-American love of the republic in a practical manner. The time of Lord Mayor Shanks' arrival will suit them as well as any other time, and we are sure they will be much pleased at the presence among them of so good an Irishman as Mr. Shanks. Irish Day is not, we hope, to be made a thing of faction, and certainly if it is, neither the Ancient Order of Hibernians nor the Irish societies at large will be a party to faction. They will leave that to certain persons to whom factious disturbance would seem to be the breath of life. THE CITIZEN has no doubt that Lord Mayor Shanks, if communicated with, would so time his visit as to arrive here about the time appointed by Director-General Davis, as Irish Day.

## JOHN H. M'AVOY.

Mr. John H. McAvoy, the well known founder of the McAvoy Brewing Co., and long a familiar figure in Chicago politics, died at his home in this city on Monday, after a lingering illness. He was a native of Newry, county Down, Ireland, and came to this country when quite young. In early life he identified himself with journalism in the State of Wisconsin, but abandoned the profession for the more lucrative business which eventually brought him fortune. Mr McAvoy was thrice married and two children, both of age, survive him. He was a gentleman of excellent disposition, and, although a strong Democrat, was a great favorite with men of all parties. At one time, he was spoken of as a candidate for the mayoralty, but he never seriously sought the nomination. He served in the city council during several terms. Mr. McAvoy retired from active business some years ago, and, for the last two years, his health was so bad that he resigned himself calmly to the inevitable, rarely going beyond his own door. He was in his 63d year when death claimed him. In his person, Chicago has lost an honored citizen.

## BAD HOME RULE LEGISLATION.

Notwithstanding the common-sense objections made by Messrs. John and William Redmond, Mr. Clancy, and other so-called Parnellite members of the British parliament, Mr. Gladstone has carried in committee of the whole his point about postponing a final settlement of the financial arrangements under the Home Rule bill for six years. In this he was aided by Mr. Sexton and the entire anti-Parnellite element of the Irish party. THE CITIZEN can see no reason for Sexton's support of the postponing clause unless it arose from a spirit of opposition to Mr. Redmond who first raised his voice against it. The great weakness of Irish leaders of note everywhere is that they lose sight of the interests of the cause when desirous of making a point against a political rival. It is a spirit common to all races but exaggerated in ours, because of the peculiar position in which we have been placed for centuries. It is our firm belief that Mr. Sexton and his supporters will live to regret their acceptance of the postponing clause. Most of the modern friction between England and Ireland has been due to the unsatisfactory financial relations that have existed since the consolidation of the exchequers, some years after the passage of the Act of Union. This kind of irritation is, according to the present programme, to be kept up for six years longer.

AFTER a hard tussle with the "anti-fad" aldermen, Old-Man-on-the-Pig's-Back, the mayor, succeeded, on Monday night, in having his nominees for the school board confirmed by the council. The members so confirmed are the following: Messrs. Thomas Brenan, M. J. Keane, C. S. Thornton, E. G. Halle, D. R. Cameron, Robert Lindblom and Mrs. C. K. Sherman.

THE marriage of Dr. John Guerin and Miss Margaret Walsh, daughter of the late Charles Walsh, took place Tuesday morning at St. Elizabeth's church. The ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Father Riordan, was at high noon, and was strictly private. Only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom were present. Directly after the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at No. 4440 Michigan avenue, where Dr. and Mrs. Guerin will reside.

## COLONEL CODY'S CAVALRY EXHIBIT.

Buffalo Bill's Wild West exhibition still continues to divide the honors with the World's Fair, and the crowds that throng the colossal amphitheatre, to witness the incomparable equestrian display, are simply amazing. This great entertainment has, deservedly, taken a strong hold on the hearts of the American public. Col. W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") is, by the way, the grandson of a Tipperary farmer, and his magnificent physique and dashing courage come to him as a matter of course. The Colonel also shows his Milesian ancestry by wearing the coulin (long hair in ringlets) which was proscribed by the Statutes of Kilkenny in the days of the Plantagenet kings. He also sports the cromeal (moustache) a distinctive mark of the splendid Irish gallowglasses—the finest body of heavy infantry ever seen in Europe. Every Irish-American ought to be proud of Col. Cody's success, and should show practical appreciation of his talent by visiting, with his family, the most unique exhibition of modern times.

## PERSONAL.

Mr. Michael Kissane, of No. 325 South Halsted street, has returned after spending a few months in Ireland. His account of the state of the country is encouraging and interesting. The country, he says, on the whole, never looked better; the crops promise to surpass all preceding years; the weather, he contends, is as warm as we have in Chicago, with much less rain. Speaking of Home Rule, he says the people converse on the subject with as much confidence as if the members were sitting in, and the Green Flag flying over, the parliament house in College Green.

### THE CELTIC TONGUE.

BY PATRICK CASEY.

'Tis dead, the dear old Celtic tongue
Our fathers grandly spoke,
Ere Homer wrote, or Sappho sung,
Or Virgil's genius woke!
Endearing as the coo of dove,
It's cushla gal machree—
Pathetic breathes the soul of love
Thro' Erin's minstrelsy!

Dear to the exile's heart of hearts
Its bannaght lath asthore;
When from a mother's clasp he parts
To seek some foreign shore;
Dear as the promise of the grave
Its subtle, fond aroon—
That like the amber of the wave
Comes up a treasured boon!

Savourneen dheelish! how intense
Their pathos and their love;
How sweet they touch the chords of sense;
What harmony they move:
Than odors wafted o'er the sea
From Sharon's citron groves,
They breathe new life to memory
Where'er that exile roves!

No more in Tara's kingly halls
The bard its measure wreathes;
No more when evening's curtain falls,
The swain its love-notes breathes!
An alien tongue, insensate, cold,
Usurps its words of fire,
And thoughts that flashed like beams of gold
Before its breath expire!

'Tis dead, that tongue of bard and chief,
Of heroic deed and song;
Expressive in its joy, as grief,
Its glory, as its wrong;
'Tis dead as Erin's mystic fire,
Her splendor and renown,
Whose glories thrilled great Ossian's lyre
And wove his radiant crown!

—*Boston Pilot.*

### HONOR THE BRAVE.

**Fire Marshal Edward Murphy, Captain Errard and Barney Kuhn, of the World's Fair Fire Department, Perform a Heroic Act in the Presence of Thousands.**

Fire Marshal Murphy gave another proof of his bravery last night by climbing to the very top of the iron girders which support the lofty roof of Manufactures Hall and with his own hands tearing down a piece of burning bunting and putting out a fire, says the *Herald* of Friday, July 21. Two other firemen followed their chief in his dangerous climb and helped him pull down the bunting. They were Captain Errard, who succeeded the late Captain Garvey in command of engine No. 1, and Barney Kuhn, of chemical engine No. 13. Thousands saw the courageous act and cheered the brave firemen.

The fire was caused by a rocket. The fireworks on the lake front closed with a volley of bombs and rockets. A flying fragment of burning wood and paper dropped on the roof of the eastern wing of Manufactures Hall, the force of its fall breaking one of the glass panes near the ridge pole. Underneath the glass was stretched a strip of thin yellow and white bunting, or cheesecloth, placed there to soften the sun's rays and prevent them from striking with too great warmth upon visitors and exhibits on the big floor below. Through this flimsy cloth the glass fell, but the burning bit of fireworks lodged in the bunting, and lay there until it burned a hole through. Then it dropped to the floor of the gallery below, where it was found later. Meanwhile, the cloth which had caught fire continued to burn away up there 200 feet in the air. The wind came through the broken pane and prevented the fire from dying out. The cloth did not burn with a flame; it simply smoldered. Any moment it seemed liable to burst forth into a blaze that might endanger the building.

When the alarm was rang in, Marshal Murphy was at the wharf beside the Music Hall where he had been superintending the precautions taken to prevent the fireworks from setting the wharf on fire. He was one of the first men to reach the place where the fire was. When he arrived the cloth was still smoldering, fully a third of its entire width having been charred. It was but the work of a few minutes to send a couple of firemen upon the roof. Murphy went with them. After chopping several holes through the glass they found it impossible to reach the burning cloth. It would take several precious minutes to get a lead of hose into such a position as to enable them to play upon the smoldering cloth. The fire was too far above the gallery to be reached easily with an ordinary stream from below and the line of hose would have to be carried clear to the top of the roof. But what was far more of a consideration was the damage that the exhibits in the galleries and on the floor would suffer if a torrent of water were thrown down upon them.

Chief Murphy determined to put out the fire, if possible, without using any water. The fire had not yet spread to the woodwork, and if the cloth could only be torn down all danger would be passed. The only way to get that piece of burning bunting down was to climb up the girders inside the roof and take hold of it by hand. The climb of 200 feet into the air with little or nothing to hold by was an extremely perilous act.

From the gallery to the roof above run huge wooden beams. They help the arching iron girders to support the roof. Up one of these beams the chief clambered. After climbing for sixty or seventy feet he reached a cross beam near where the roof began to slant upward from the side of the building. Along this beam, not over a foot wide, the brave man walked quickly. Wherever he could he held on by iron rods and friendly beams, but part of the way there was nothing but the timber beneath his feet. At last he came to a big iron girder that arched upward to the center of the roof. By climbing along this slippery curving beam of iron he could reach one end of the smoldering bunting and tear it down.

Now for the first time the crowd below seemed to fully realize what Murphy was about to do. Several thousand people had gathered in the aisles of the building and were watching him with bated breath. So far all that most of them knew was that a man in blue vest and trousers, coatless, was skipping about in the network of beams. Few knew that it was the chief of the firemen. But when they realized that he was going to climb along the girder to the very top of the roof and pull the burning cloth with his own hands men and women alike involuntarily broke forth into a cheer. Up this slender iron girder the chief half walked, half swung himself.

When he reached the burning piece of cloth the two firemen who had climbed up the other side and mounted the deep girder had already loosened the bunting from that end. Chief Murphy quickly drew the smoldering cloth toward him and with his own hands put out the fire.

Then the crowd shouted again. All three of the brave fellows were cheered. The crowd would have cheered even harder had it been known that at that very moment the chief's body was swathed in bandages from head to foot which covered the ugly-looking bruises received in the cold storage fire.

### IRISH DAY AT THE WORED'S FAIR.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO July 22.—*Dear Sir:* In your issue of this week there appeared a letter from Rev. Bernard E. O. Mahoney, of Piper City, in which he asks what is the purport of the proposed Irish Day at the World's Fair. In reply permit me to say that the purport of Irish Day is that on that day the Irish race in America and the world over shall be commemorated by an intelligent, intellectual and fair review of the history of our people in the cause of Christian civilization and human freedom and liberty throughout the world in the wonderful intellectual, scientific and material growth and progress of this great Republic of the West, opened to the world by the genius, the fearless and undaunted bravery of the Christian navigator, Christopher Columbus. To review the part of our people in the arts and sciences in literature, in poetry and song, and, in short, to illustrate in a befitting manner the honorable and creditable place to which our race is entitled among the people of the world represented here in the White City at the World's Columbian Exposition. As to dates since we were obliged to accept Sept. 30 as being the most acceptable of the open dates at the disposal of the World's Fair managers at the time when the committee in charge of these matters visited them with the idea of an Irish Day at the Fair, otherwise they would have been pleased to accept and select a day notable in the annals of the history of our race. However, we are certain that the subjects to be treated of and the manner of their treatment will be acceptable to our people in general, and the Irish Day at the World's Fair will in after years become a notable event in the history of the race in America, as it will be attended by hundreds of thousands of our people from all parts of the compass who will be glad to be willing witnesses of the unfurling of Erin's Flag of Immortal Green beside the banner of the most free and glorious Republic among the nations of the earth, our own Stars and Stripes of America. HIBERNIAN.

[*To the Editor.*]

PIPER CITY, Ill., Suly 22.—Your publication of my letter on Irish Day at the World's Fair was becoming in, and expected from, THE CITIZEN. You have not, however, converted me to the way of thinking that because the Irish Flag will be displayed on Administration building that therefore a point of interest will be created for Irishmen to march toward on Sept. 30. Sentiment does not stand in the way of the World's Fair executive where the dollar is concerned. Why the very English soldiers in the stock pavilion (appropriate place for the bulldogs) would hang out green flags: the Turkish Village would hide itself in Emerald hues and and all Midway Plaisance do homage likewise if you proposed marching into them with flags flying and bands playing.

The promoters of Irish Day have not yet gone too far to reconsider their project: if you still think it right go ahead, by all means. My opinion is that Irishmen would be making fools of themselves to go in march to the Fair. Time will settle which is right. I am thankful to THE CITIZEN for giving me fair play in discussing this matter, especially when I profess my anxiety to prevent if possible any decent number of Irishmen from marching "in carriages" on any so-called Irish Day to the World's Fair.

BERNARD E. O'MAHONY,
Pastor Catholic Church.

[NOTE—Father O'Mahony goes on mere assumption. The committee has no "march in carriages," or otherwise, in contemplation. It is not well to be too analytical in regard to human motives. Let us try to be charitable to each other. —ED. CITIZEN.]

### IRISH PARLIAMENTARIANS SHOULD BE MANLY.

Here is the way the Westminster *Gazette* comments on the Dillon incident: "Very characteristic was the Dillon-Chamberlain scene of last night's debate. The Irish members with their feelings and weaknesses; Mr. Chamberlain with his cold and steely readiness to 'score;' Mr. Sexton giving Mr. Dillon away by repudiating, under an apprehension that it was charged to him, the 'infamous' speech which he had not made, but which his colleagues had; and Mr. Dillon giving himself away by the blundering effort—quite right in the spirit, no doubt, but hopelessly wrong in the letter—to demolish what he knew to be a misrepresentation of feelings by what turned out to be a misrecollection of facts; it is all characteristic, but wearisome. When will the Irish members learn that if they wish to put themselves right with the British public in the explanation of past violence (and it is not for the benefit of the Irish public that they explain matters of language at all), the better way is frankly to say, 'I did say it, and with like provocation would say it again,' and not to work up indignation at the very idea of being accused of violent talk. It will be long before Mr. Dillon hears the last of the joke about 'remembering Mitchelstown' before Mitchelstown occurred. And all because he needs must copy Mr. Gladstone's dangerous idiosyncracy for explaining that in a career of inconsistent circumstances he has always been minutely consistent. Mr. Davitt's frank way in such things is the better model. The memory of it increases our regret at his disappearance from parliament."

From this it will be seen that, in the opinion of the Westminster *Gazette*, Mr. Dillon made a mistake in offering any apology at all. It would have been better for him to have said, with respect to the language charged against him: "I did say it, and with like provocation I would say it again!" Yes, we agree with the *Gazette*; it would have been the better, the manlier.—*United Ireland.*

### GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

**Tadhg O'Cathain agus an Corpan.**

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Nuair chriochnuigh an firin liath a labhairt, leig a chomrúididh gair asta, agus bhuail siad a lámha le chéile. "Glic! glic! hú! hú!" arsiad, "bi 'g imtheacht, bi 'g imtheacht, tácht n-naire rómhat anois sul a mbrisfidh an lá, agus muna bhfuil an fear so curtha agad sul éireochaidh an ghrian tá tu caillte."

Bhuail siad dorn air a dhruim agus cos air a thóin agus thiomáin siad air aghaidh annsa' mbóthar é. B'éigin dó siúbhal agus siubhal go luath, mar nach dtug siad aon sgith dhó.

Shaoil sé féin nach raibh cosán fliuch, boithrin salach, ná bealach cam cnapach contúlta annsa' g-condae nár shiúbhail sé an oidhche sin.

Nuair thigeadh smáid tar an ngealaigh do bhidheadh an oidhche air uairibh an-dhorcha, agus thuiteadh sé go minic. Air uairibh ghortaigh sé é féin agus air uairibh thainig sé saor; acht b'éigin dó éirighe air an móimid agus deifir mhór dheunamh. Cor uair do bhriseadh an ghealach amach go geal, agus ann sin dheireadh sé 'nna dhiaigh agus d'feiceadh sé na daoine beaga 'gá leanamhaint air a chúl, agus chuiraidh sé iad ag caint agus ag cómhrádh eatorra féin, ag béiceadh agus ag sgreadaoil mar caita faoiléan, agus dá shaoradh sé a anam nior thuig sé aon fhocal d'á raibh siad ag rádh. Ni raibh fhios aige cá fhad do shiúbhail sé, nuair ghlaodh ceann aca leis "fan ann so." Sheas seisean, agus chruinnigh siad uile 'nna thimchioll. "An bhfeiceidh tu na sean-chrainn seargtha sin, ar san sean-bhuachaill liath leis," is ameasg na gcrann sin tá Teampoll Démuis, agus caithfidh tu dul asteach ann anois, acht ni thig linne teacht leat. Caithfimid-se d'fhágbáil ann ag Téidh air d'aghaidh, agus bi dána."

Dheare Tadhg uaidh agus chonnaire sé balla árd a bhi leith-bhriste i n-áiteachaibh, agus seantcampoll liath taobh astigh de'n bhalla, agus bunáite, duisin sean-chrainn seargtha, sgaptha anoun 's anáil trid an g-cill. Ni raibh bláth na duilleog orra acht bhi a sean-gheugáin sínte amach mar lámha duine air feirg a bhi ag bagairt. Ni raibh aon neart uige air: b'éigin dó siúbhal. Bhi sé cúpla ceud slat o'n dteampoll, agus nior dhearo sé 'nna dhiaigh no go dtáinig sé chum geata na cille. Bhi an sean-gheata leagtha, agus ni bhfuair sé aon bhacadh ag dul asteach. Thionntaigh sé ann sin le feicsint an raibh na daoine beaga 'gá leanamhaint, acht bhi smáid air an ngealaigh agus bhi an oidhche dorcha agus nior fheud sé dadamh feicsint. Chuaidh sé asteach annsa' g-cill agus shiúbhail sé an sean-chosán feurmhar do bhi ag dul suas chum an teampoill. Nuair ráinig se an doras fuair sé glas air. Bhi an doras mór agus láidir: Tharraing sé a sgian amach agus sháith sé annsan ádhmad i, acht ni raibh an t-adhmad lobhtha. "Nios," ar seisean leis féin, "ni'l aon rud eile le deunamh agam; tá an doras druidthe agus ni fheudaim a fhosgailt." Sul bhi na focla sin cumtha aige ann a intinn féin, dubhairt glór ann a chluais—"cuartaigh an eochair air chúl an dorais, no air an mballa." Ghlac sé sgannrughadh. "cia tá ag labhairt liom?" ar sé, ag iompaigh, acht ni fhacaidh sé duine air bith. Chogair an guth ann a chluais aris—"cuartaigh an eochair air chúl an dorais no air an mballa." "Cad é sin?" ar Tadhg, agus an t-allus ag rith d'á mhala," cia labhair liom?" "Mise an corpán a labhair leat," ar san guth. "Ibhfuil caint ionnat?" ar Tadhg, "Nois agus aris," ar san corpán.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

### THE HOME RULE BILL.

LONDON, July 21.—In the house of commons today Sir Edward Grey, parliamentary secretary of the foreign office, responding to questions on the subject, stated that on Wednesday last Russia had assured the foreign office that the stories about an armed Russian force being dispatched to seize the Pamir country were entirely false.

Mr. Gladstone then moved the consideration of the new financial clause of the Home Rule bill, the only clause to be discussed prior to the passage of the bill by the house. The motion was adopted and the house went into committee of the whole.

Joseph Chamberlain, the Liberal-Unionist leader, objected to the provision that a certain surplus of money should be given to Ireland. That country, he declared, ought not to receive any surplus. Ireland was called upon to pay too little, and Great Britain too much. The estimates being based upon a year's returns could not be regarded as equitable.

Mr. Chamberlain said he dreaded a diminution of Ireland's tribute in the future, which, together with a probable increase of imperial expenditures, would cast increased burdens on the British taxpayer. The plan proposed by the government would also alter the imperial budget by depriving Great Britain of the proper control of her own taxation. It would deprive the Irish of all freedom of action regarding financial matters and would induce constant conflicts between Ireland and Great Britain.

He admitted that the proposal that any special tax, for instance a war levy, should be imposed on Ireland the same as Great Britain, was a much better one than the proposal on the same subject contained in the Home Rule bill of 1886. But the basis of the whole scheme, he maintained, was indefensible since under it Ireland would pay £343,000 less than she pays now and £1,800,000 less than she ought to pay. This amount of money, Mr. Chamberlain declared, was the price that the British were asked to pay for Irish home rule.

Henry Fowler, president of the local government board, said that in fixing the future charges to be paid by Ireland, it was essential to regard the subject from the point of the common interest of the two countries, since Ireland would not cease to be an integral part of the United Kingdom. Ireland's contribution would amount to one-thirty-seventh part of the imperial expenditures.

"Suppose the Home Rule bill should be defeated," said he. "Great Britain would still have to grant subventions to railways and other public works, which would cost quite as much as the proposed surplus that was to go to Ireland. Ireland is a poor country. I am convinced that the British would deal generously and liberally with her, especially during the first years of the new government."

John Redmond, Parnellite member for Waterford City, said he regretted that the scheme was not more liberal and more just. It was humiliating to Ireland to be deprived of all control of the collection of taxes for six years. Ireland's contribution in that period ought not to be more than one-quarter of her income. She did not want in the future, as in the past, to be robbed because of her connection with Great Britain. This declaration elicited cheers from the Irish members. Continuing, Mr. Redmond said that experience would show that the scheme was unjust. A royal commission had been promised, and it ought to be appointed forthwith. It would doubtless show the proposals needed great modifications.

### SUCCEEDS FATHER WALSH.

In accordance with the expressed wish of the late Rev. President Walsh, the Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., has been named to succeed him in the presidency of Notre Dame. It is an appointment which will give pleasure to the friends of the institution throughout the country, and is a guarantee of the continuance of the grand work carried on so successfully by Father Walsh. Father Morrissey has been at Notre Dame since he was 12 years old, is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the venerable founder, and will bring to the discharge of the duties of his responsible office the resources of a rarely gifted mind combined with an intense devotedness and zeal in the cause of education. For a number of years he has held the position of director of studies at Notre Dame—an office which has brought him into daily and hourly contact with the students and enabled him to acquire that experience which will aid him to serve the best interests of the youthful minds entrusted to his charge. A thorough course of study has developed and perfected the talents with which nature endowed him. These, together with the eminently social and sympathetic qualities of a noble soul, distinguish him as one well fitted for the exalted position to which he has been assigned. His powers as an orator are well known at Notre Dame and elsewhere and give him a commanding and magnetic influence with all whom he has relations. Broad-minded in his views, he readily grasps all the various phases of a question submitted to his consideration, and is quick to comprehend and deal with any impending issue. His friends are legion. To know him is at once to revere and respect him. The mantle of the lamented Father Walsh could not have fallen upon more worthy shoulders.—*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

### OBITUARY.

**MRS. MARY SUHLE.**

Mrs. Mary Suhle, daughter of Mrs. and the late Michael Ryan, and sister-in-law of Mr. John M. Carroll, died at Swickau, Saxony, on July 4, after an illness of several months. Her death was occasioned by enlargement of the heart. Mrs. Suhle was born in this city, on East Erie street, about forty-two years ago, and married Mr. Charles Suhle in the year 1871. She removed to Germany with her husband and only child, a daughter, twelve years ago. The intelligence of her premature death has caused great sorrow to her immediate relatives and a large circle of friends and acquaintances in this city.

### ENGLAND AND FRANCE IN SIAM.

[*Chicago Post, July 21.*]

It is not difficult to understand England's solicitude over the conduct of the French in Siam. The French proposal to take possion of the territory on the left bank of the Mekong is, from the English point of view, a measure of aggression, and the idea of European aggression in the Orient is repugnant to the English conscience. Especially if it be not English aggression. All of England's vast territory in the east has been won by the sword, it is true; but the sword was drawn solely for the extension of Christianity and the spread of civilization. It is only an incident that the conquered territory has afforded a field for the rum and opium traffic and a sobering-up place for dissolute younger sons. England is the sole champion of Christianity and Christian civilization—she admits it. When there is any territory to be Christianized the sword will prepare the way for the cross, and it must be the English sword. Britannia rules the wave and her ships carry rum, Bibles, firearms, opium and Birmingham pinchbeck to the ends of the earth.

This French interference must not be tolerated. Why, not so many months ago certain French missionaries set up a camp in Central Africa and proceeded to convert the natives on their own account, it became necessary to kill these presumptuous French priests and to substitute for their false Christianity the genuine article with "Victoria R. and I." blown in the bottle.

So down with the French impostors in Siam. They are after spoil and they are encroachihg on the English preserves.


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**ON**

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**Being the 295th Anniversary of Hugh O'Neill's Great Victory Over the English at the Yellow Ford! and the Seventeenth Annual Celebration of that Glorious Battle in Chicago.**

WILLIAM H. JOYCE will preside at the afternoon meeting, and the speakers will be the HON. T. B. MINIHAN, of Omaha, Neb., and M. P. BRADY, of Chicago.

M. J. KEANE will preside at the evening meeting, and the speakers will be the HON. JOHN E. FITZGERALD, of Boston, Mass., and JOHN F. FINERTY, of Chicago.

The speakers will be escorted to the grounds from McCoy's Hotel by the Hibernian Rifles (7th Regiment I. N. G.), the Clan-na-Gael Guards, Companies A and B; the Robert Emmet Guards and the Gaelic Athletic clubs.

In the evening there will be a Grand Display of Fireworks, in which many novel and interesting features will be presented, including a spirited representation of the Irish Houses of Parliament and other historic pictures.

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### BALANCE.

I fear no more the coming years
What they may bring.
Days will be sunless, nights bereft of stars;
Mayhap the brightest blossoms of the spring
Shall first be bound with winter's icy bars.
But still beyond the cloud is always light,
The stars are in the sky all night,
And deepest snows are they which hide the bright
Green heart of spring.

Not all of life is dreamed away
In summer skies.
Time holds a loss, a loneliness for me,
But hope is strong, and faith dare not be weak,
And love abides the greatest of the three.
Enough of sweet tomorrow will repay
The disappointment of today.
Light follows dark; sun, rain; seas ebb away
Again to rise.

And if the rugged road of life
Doth wind around
The mountainside where heavy clouds hang low,
And as I climb the pilgrim staff be changed
Into a cross still onward would I go!
The peaks of only highest mountains rise,
Above the clouds to bluest skies,
And round the heaviest cross is hung the prize,
The brightest crown.
—Amy Seville Wolff.

## A LUCKY ONE.

Many years ago there lived in Tokio a certain nobleman renowned for his wealth and his great philanthropy. It was his delight to wander about the streets at night unattended and disguised as a simple samurai (knight or retainer), and so untrammeled by rank or dignity enter the theaters and teahouses of all classes.

One night he was sitting in a tea garden in a humble portion of the city when three young men dressed as laborers sauntered in, and seating themselves near him called for refreshments of the cheapest kind.

"Will you not honor us by joining in our humble repast?" said one, addressing him with the courteous humility which distinguishes all classes of Japanese. "I see by your two swords that you are a samurai and far above us in rank, but you seem lonely, and we should feel honored if you will join us."

The nobleman, pleased by this cordial invitation, immediately left his solitary square of matting and seated himself near the speaker.

"What diamio (feudal lord) do you serve?" they asked him when the formalities of welcome were at an end.

"None," answered the nobleman. "I am a ronin (wandering knight), a free and independent samurai, having left by my own will the service of the Duke Itsu," mentioning his own name.

"I have heard that he was a very kind master," said one of the young men. "Why did you leave him?"

"Oh," said the duke, "he had many strange and undignified habits which kept me in a constant state of mortification. He would wander about the streets of Tokio at night, entering into the commonest teahouses and talking familiarly with persons of the lowest rank. I do not doubt that he has been on this very spot."

"Oh, no!" cried his listeners in some excitement; "he surely would not come to this cheap place."

"I wish that he would come," said one of the three, with a sigh. "I would beg a favor of him."

"What is it that you would ask?" said the nobleman with great interest.

"My one wish," answered the speaker, "is to ride a horse. I have dreamed many times of being on horseback, and it was delightful beyond words, but I expect to die without ever gaining my desire."

"And what would you ask if the duke were here?" said the pleased nobleman, turning to the second youth.

"My great wish," answered he, "is to eat a dinner exactly like the one the duke eats every day. If I could have one such dinner, I would ask no more."

"And now tell us your desire," said the nobleman, addressing the young man who had first given the invitation for him to join the party.

"I would not be satisfied with either of their wishes," said the young man slowly. "I would desire to live a whole day and night as the duke lives—to eat from his dishes, to ride in his kago (palanquin) and at night to sleep in his bed. Then would I be contented and happy."

"The duke's slumber is not the happiest," said the nobleman, with a sigh. "Spies and secret enemies lurk as poisonous serpents under the castle walls."

For some time longer he conversed with them, learning the name and abode of each. Then bidding them a cordial farewell he left the teahouse and made his way to his stately castle.

In the morning a body of servants carrying heavily adorned kagos were sent to invite the young men to the castle. Their surprise and delight knew no bounds, and when the mighty daimio welcomed them as friends and seated them in the place of honor they were ready to burst with pride.

For the one who had wished to ride he ordered his finest steed, caparisoned in white and gold, but when the young fellow was placed upon it fear seized him, and he pleaded for mercy.

"No, no, you shall ride!" cried the duke in high good humor, and the horse was made to prance and plunge about the courtyard until the wretched rider fell to the ground and had to be carried to his home.

The second guest, who had wished to eat as the duke ate, was now conducted to the banquet hall, where such a bewildering and tempting array of strange dishes was set before him that he soon made himself ill and was borne away, groaning and racked with nausea.

The third young man was now the object of attention.

All eyes were upon him as he watched his two friends taken away in misery and disgrace, but his head was set proudly and he turned with composure toward the duke.

"I have no fear," he said in tones which were almost haughty, "I still wish to live one day and one night as thy equal; then I am content."

"Lead him to my richest bath," said the duke to his servants, "and then attire him as my son."

When the young man reappeared, his thick hair oiled and perfumed after the manner of noblemen, his tall form robed in silks of heaviest texture and the two swords of rank thrust through his gold embroidered sash, he made such a picture of manly beauty that the duke's heart yearned toward him.

"Would that the gods had granted me such a son," he thought with sorrow. "But I have no heir to perpetuate my name. I shall fall like a lone pine tree beside the river, and none shall come after me."

For that day the young plebeian was given the name of Yomei (yo-may), which means one day spending, and through all of the ceremonies and observances of rank he conducted himself with such modest dignity that all of the court officials were filled with wonder and whispered among themselves, "He is born to a high position."

That night he was given the ducal sleeping apartment.

After the castle was still and dark he cautiously arose, and lighting a candle prepared to examine the wonders and beauties of the room. Hanging in the toko-mono (shallow alcove) he found a bow of ancient workmanship and a sheaf of arrows such as the old heroes once used. Fitting one to the bow, he gave it a backward pull, when to his dismay it slipped from his grasp and went whizzing through the rich and painted mado (inner sliding walls).

He heard a low cry, followed by the thud of a falling body, and then all was again silence.

"Unhappy wretch!" he cried to himself. "My day of triumph has ended in murder. I have killed some one with my ignorant stupidity, and in the morning I shall be beheaded."

He blew out the candle and went to bed, where he lay shivering and trembling until the day broke.

Then the sound of the moving servants came to him, and the coldness of despair filled his heart, for he knew that the discovery of his deed might come with every second.

Presently he heard a cry of alarm, and then indeed did he give himself up for lost.

"Here is a dead man!" exclaimed one in frightened tones.

"Where is he?" "Who is it?" "Who killed him?" came a mingling of voices as other servants ran crowding in.

"Why, it is the traitor Gujiwa, who has thrice attempted to kill our master." "Oh, blessed deed!" "What a beautiful shot. The arrow has pierced his left eye to the skull." "It is an ancient arrow from the duke's chamber."

"The young stranger sleeps there tonight. He must have sent the deadly shaft." "Ah! A hole in the mado! He must have shot through the mado." "What skill! What wonderful power, to shoot an enemy without seeing him!" "Wonderful! He has saved the master's life."

Yomei, listening to all this, became almost crazed with delight.

The sudden transition from despair to hope intoxicated him like strong wine. He threw his rich kimono (robe) about him, pushed aside the pierced mado and strode toward the servants.

"Have you found the traitor Gujiwa, whom I slew last night?" he asked haughtily. "Cut off his head and carry it to your master with my compliments. I suspected that this attempt would be made and obtained an entrance to the castle by disguising myself as a laborer."

The servants groveled at his feet.

"But, honorable lord," implored one, an old man who had been in the family for half a century, "how could you take such aim when the mado was closed?"

"Tut!" said the young man, with a gesture of contempt. "I do not need both sight and hearing to take good aim. I can shoot any portion of the body by hearing alone. This time I selected the villain's left eye, just as he was winking it."

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" they whispered in awestruck tones, and he walked through their cowering ranks with the air of a conqueror.

The gratitude and admiration of the duke knew no bounds. Indeed so pleased was he with the beauty, skill and courage of his young protege that he took measures to formally adopt him. So Yomei was raised from the rank of a bamboo cutter to that of son and heir to one of the most powerful daimio of the empire.

He led a life of ease and luxury and improved from day to day, so that his fame went abroad to other cities, and his adopted father grew to love him deeply.

But no life can be all happiness, and so for Yomei there was the thorn, the one dark spot.

This was in the person of his adopted mother, the duke's wife, who from the first had been his bitter enemy. Having no children of her own she was ungenerous enough to hate the innocent adopted son, who by his very presence reminded her that she had given no heir to the duke. She also suspected that his skill in slaying the robber was not entirely genuine, and she had learned beyond all doubt that his antecedents were of the humblest. At first she tried in every way to turn her husband against him, but finding this impossible she set to work to find other means of deposing him.

Soon there came a rumor of a band of robbers who infested a hill in the suburbs of Tokio and were so fierce that even the soldiers dared not attack them. The mikado had offered a title and great wealth to any one brave enough to attempt their capture, but up to this time none had been found.

The evil stepmother, without consulting her husband, sent a letter to the court saying that her noble son Yomei was thirsting for the opportunity to display his skill and courage and declared that he was able to vanquish the band single handed.

The mikado, highly pleased with so much bravery, immediately dispatched a royal document to the young man accepting his services and ordering him to start forth the following morning.

Poor Yomei was again in despair.

"Alas, the end of my dream has come!" he mourned to himself. "There are 11 arrows and 11 robbers, and so I must kill a robber with each arrow. Oh, why did I not keep to my bamboo cutting and leave ambition for the rich!"

His father grieved deeply to see him set forth, but in spite of his sadness was buoyed up by his evident anticipation of his son's success. The envious stepmother, affecting equal regret, offered to arrange a basket of lunch for him with her own aristocratic hands. She prepared all of his favorite articles of food, and then, for fear that some lucky accident might save him from the robbers, put a small portion of deadly poison in each piece of food as she laid it in the hamper.

Yomei, unconscious of this double danger, bade them all a sorrowful farewell and rode away with his eyes bent upon the ground. At one time he thought of turning his horse and making his escape, but then he reflected that death would be no worse than disgrace and the old life of toil, and so listlessly kept on toward the infested mountain.

He had reached the foot of this when he heard loud, hoarse shouts, as if of triumph, and filled with terror he sprang from his horse and rapidly climbed a tree. In a few moments the robbers were upon him. "Where is the rider?" called out one, looking about him with an aspect of such fierceness that Yomei well nigh fell to the earth.

"The horse is mine!" cried another.

"This is my saddle!" exclaimed a third. "See! It is heavy with silver."

"Ah!" from a fourth as he tore open the hamper. "I have found the dainty fellow's lunch. Let us feast upon it before we find and kill the owner."

Yomei, knowing nothing of the hidden poison, thought these moments his last. With the apathy of despair he gazed upon them as they portioned out, with many a rude jest and remark, the food which had been destined for him.

"What carrion the aristocrats do eat!" cried the captain, throwing from him the remains of a small devil fish stuffed with rice, sugar and vinegar. "The thing is filled with medicine! It is bitter! By all the devils of earth and sea! It is poison! We are tricked!"

"It is poison! It is poison!" they all shrieked, running frantically past one another with horrible exclamations and contortions of physical agony. "Where is the man?" they cried. "We are poisoned like frogs in a well! Where is he who has tricked us?"

"There he is!" called the dying chief, who had just caught sight of the cowering Yomei. "Shoot him! Up after him! Burn the tree! Ah-h-h!" But it was too late. They lay about on the lush mountain grass in various attitudes of violent death, and their glassy eyes were all turned upward toward Yomei. The fears of that valiant youth, however, were at an end. He descended with a bold and careless air, and walking from one to another stuck an arrow deep into the left eye of each. Then mounting his horse he rode home.

The first person to meet him was his stepmother. At the sight of him she fell to the ground, faint and stricken with fear.

"Are you not pleased to see me, mother?" he asked brightly. "I must thank you for the delightful lunch you prepared for me. See?" opening the hamper, "every morsel has been eaten!"

His father's joy at seeing him alive was deep and sincere. "Why, my son," he said after the ceremonials of welcome were through, "your armor is untouched, your hair is as smooth as when you left the house. How did you slay such a fierce body of men with so little exertion?"

"Oh! It was a simple matter," said Yomei proudly. "When they caught sight of me, they came toward me, running side by side. I took the 11 arrows, fitting them all to my bow, which I held horizontally, instead of in the usual manner, and the arrows were placed so exactly that, as they flew, each was pointed toward a robber and struck him directly in the left eye. You will find them all there now, each with the arrow sticking upright."

"Your skill is more than mortal!" cried the happy father. "Now you are a nobleman in your own right and will be given a daughter of the mikado in marriage. I foresee that you will add luster to the ancient name which you bear." And he fell upon his son's neck and wept with pure joy.

After this the stepmother ceased in her evil designs, fully convinced of Yomei's supernatural powers.

He married a princess, built a great castle for himself, and to this day his name is a synonym in Japan for shrewdness and luck.—Translated From the Japanese For Romance.

#### Dry Rot In Florida.

Some rooms in Florida have carpet on the floor, and some don't, but most don't. My room didn't have any, of course. I sat down on the side of the bed to pull off my shoes, and I heard something break. I thought it was the side piece of the bedstead. "It's the climate," said I to myself. "It's made me so fat that I'm breaking the furniture." I held the lamp down and looked, but the bed was all right. So I sat down again, and the minute I touched the bedstead the cracking began again. "Go it," said I, "and we'll see what will happen." The cracking changed into a crash, and bang went one leg of the bedstead right through the floor.

In those houses the floor above is the ceiling of the room below, so part of my bedstead stuck through into the parlor, and they picked the caster off the parlor floor. It was dry rot; that was all. In that climate the dry rot works away at the inside of a board and eats it all away but a little crust on the outside, so the board looks perfectly sound when it has no strength at all, and as soon as any weight is put on it it breaks.—Harper's Young People.

#### Mrs. Peary's Dog.

Lieutenant Peary, when out at Melrose, just before he sailed, secured one of E. H. Moore's big, handsome St. Bernards to be the special protector of Mrs. Peary in the north.—Boston Record.

## AN ANCIENT FESTIVAL

### SACRIFICES AND CEREMONIES INVOKING THE RAIN GOD.

**A Very Old Custom of Yucatan Dating Back to a Time Long Before Columbus Discovered America and Its Inhabitants. Breaking Jars With Sticks.**

The Mayas, once the masters of all Central America, greatly esteemed the wide spreading evergreen ceiba tree, even believing that it would be one of the beautiful objects in the paradise of their future life.

When Columbus was busy hunting after this big continent, the ceiba was very dear to the Mayas, as it had been for many centuries. At the approach of the rainy season the chac, or weather genii, masters of the clouds, were invoked, and the people had a great hunt, killing many creatures of the forests and making a burnt offering of their hearts. Then several jars filled with water were suspended and broken.

The fluid gushing out was symbolical of the bursting of storm clouds. The name of that quaint ceremony was Tup kak, meaning to extinguish fire, and very appropriately, since the first showers refresh the parched soil and scorching atmosphere. It has not yet fallen into disuse, though it has undergone some changes. At the hacienda of Uxmal (pronounced Ooshmal) where, in an open square, a superb ceiba spreads its cool, shady branches, it was highly entertaining one afternoon to observe the modern form of the Tup kak.

By the trunk of the great tree squatted a man playing a sacatan, a drum that is exactly like the tomtom of the Africans. Not for one instant did he pause from the time when the people began to gather on the spot until all had dispersed. He pounded away as if the entire nation depended on his present exertions for its agricultural prosperity, or as if the evil genii of drought might creep in and ruin the whole affair should he venture to relax his efforts in the least degree.

Men, women and children congregated beneath the tree, where a number of red earthen jars, some fancifully painted and all corked, were placed in a line, as directed by a master of ceremonies. Over a low branch a rope was thrown. To one end of this a jar was secured and jerked up and down by a man having hold of the other end. Boys armed with sticks stood in line and one by one passed beneath the jumping jar, aiming a blow at it, their business being to break the same.

Some of the Indian lads wielded their stick so effectually that the jar fell in fragments on their upturned faces to the delight of the others, who, without looking, threw themselves on the ground to scramble for the good things supposed to be in the jars. Some disappointment resulted from the first 12 being full of emptiness. This exasperated the enterprising youths, because their companions made fun of them. Two jars contained rubbish that came tumbling upon the bare heads and created some merriment. Live pigeons flew out of one and away. Two jars had been filled with stones, which happily did not hurt any one, while in two others all manner of insects had been closed up. The scorpions among them created some excitement.

Generous matrons had filled three jars with wholesome food. The next two contained new handkerchiefs that instantly found owners. Two loathsome looking iguanas crept out of one jar and were speedily executed, because their skin fetches a good price among shoemakers, who convert it into fancy sandals and slippers. It was a pretty sight to see dozens of brilliant butterflies swarming out of a jar. The delicate creatures seemed dazed for a moment, but quickly flew out of reach, some with their gauzy wings a little bit rumpled. This display of life in one of its most exquisite forms was followed by a dead bird. Then came a shower of fruit. Rice was the next offering and corn puddings wrapped in pieces of banana leaf.

Lastly there was a jar full of imported crackers, upon the breaking of which there ensued a desperate struggle that reduced more than half the coveted morsels to fine powder. Altogether 33 jars were shattered in 90 minutes, and as of old the breaking of jars filled with water was symbolical of bursting clouds so the contents of these were figurative of the many things resulting from the revivifying rain. The peculiar rolling of the sacatan drum was strikingly suggestive of distant thunder.

The man who had arranged the jars before their destruction knew the contents of each. He was the H-men, or wise man of the place, and it is probable that those same contents had a meaning for him, such as the following, which suggested itself while considering the order in which the jars were broken:

First came emptiness—Alas! What can we hope for, how thrive, without the beneficent rain?

Rubbish—Drought leaves but refuse for the winds to scatter.

Pigeons—When the sweet grain is ripe, the birds will come to feast, but away they soar in times of need.

Stones—Walls we must build to protect our crops from intruders. (All fences in Yucatan are of stone.)

Insects—But let us beware of poisonous insects while working in our fields.

Food—Blessed by the rain our toil will produce abundance.

Kerchiefs—Then can we have new raiment.

Iguanas—Also fine sandals.

Butterflies—For a few brief days we can flutter in the sunshine of prosperity.

Dead Bird—But forget not that cruel death will come.

Fruit, Grain, Etc.—Let us then enjoy the good things of the earth, reveling in its life giving sunshine and showers.—Alice D. Le Plongeon in New York Tribune.

#### Clover In the House.

Pick a bunch of sweet clover and hang it up to dry in your living room. It will drive away more flies than any one square yard of paper.—Boston Traveller.

#### A Plucky Woman of National Renown.

Dr. Mary Walker is a plucky little body. She still persists in wearing the man's garb, which she must have worn, we guess, for nearly 40 years, if not for half a century. She was young when she first wore it, but though not as young now as she then was she wears it proudly as ever. When last seen out west, her tall, glossy tile sat over her short hair, tinged with the melancholy gray; her yellow spotted necktie looked neat; her black cloth trousers and coat were a perfect fit; her shoes were low, and she tripped along lightly, though not as of yore.

When she came out in this attire ever so long ago, she was ridiculed and caricatured, but she did not give it up. When she walked out, she was laughed at by women and men, but she stuck to it. When she stood on the platform, she was guyed by the audience, but she did not care for that. She had made up her mind on the subject, and that was the end of it. According to a Chicago paper, her face has now an expression of grim determination, and thus far it is a reflex of her soul.

She does not belong to the Turkish school of Chautauqua dress reformers which raised an uproar last year, or to the Bloomer school, or to the divided skirt school. She has her own ideas, and all the winds that blow cannot change them. Dr. Mary Walker is an interesting lady, a very persistent reformer, a gentle member of her sex, a woman deserving of respect notwithstanding her whim. Strange that her example has had so little influence.—New York Sun.

#### Kangaroo Rats of the Arid Region.

Death valley, that curious depression where men die of thirst with water in their canteens, has flowers and animals of its own. Much of the valley is far below the level of the sea, and so hot and dry is it that birds flying over are said to fall dead on the alkali. It is not very wide, but no man can cross the flaming desert when the sun is high. Yet some animals live on it. These are all small and peculiar. There are rats and mice that look like kangaroos seen through the small end of an opera glass. They have the disproportionate hind legs of the kangaroo, the over developed tail and the feeble front paws. Their manner of progression is that of the Australian beast. They sit up on their strong hind legs and when they move they go by great leaps.

Prospectors first brought the stories of kangaroo rats from the desert, but they were thought to be mythical until the United States government sent its scientists into the country a couple of years ago. They saw the jumping things and brought out many specimens. The wandering scientists found that while the rodents differed from the common rats and mice in length of limb and strength of tail their habits were still those of house vermin. They gnawed the tents and provision sacks, raised havoc with the flour and were generally a nuisance around camp. The scientists had the fun of watching coyotes chase the uncanny jumping rats, which, however, were usually too spry to be caught.—San Francisco Examiner.

#### His Little Ruse.

The tramp had tried a half dozen houses on the block for a bite to eat and with such poor success that he was almost discouraged. One house was left, and he concluded he would try it. The kitchen door was opened by the mistress of the mansion.

"I beg your pardon, lady," he said with a bow, "but can I get something to eat here?"

"I don't know whether you can or not," she replied. "You tramps bother me almost to death."

"I'm sure, lady, I don't wish to annoy you," apologized the tramp, "and I only came here because—because"——

"Because what?" she asked.

"Because, lady, at the house next door they set such fare before me that really I could not eat, and when I refused it the lady of the house told me I couldn't get half as good anywhere else on the block and drove me out."

The woman looked over the tramp a minute.

"Did she say that?" she asked hotly. "Well, you come in here and see," and as the tramp went in he forgot what a liar he was.—Detroit Free Press.

#### A Triton Among the Minnows.

Prince Adolphus of Schaumburg-Lippe is the hero of the following story: During the congress of princes held in Frankfort in the year 1863 a banquet was given by the authorities, to which the notables of the city were invited. The sovereign princes of the German confederation sat apart from the rest of the company and were engaged in an animated conversation when suddenly there was a general commotion among the illustrious guests. The crowned heads rose from their seats to welcome an insignificant little gentleman who had joined the circle. To everybody's astonishment Prince Adolphus alone kept his seat. Then the Elector of Hesse went up to him and whispered in his ear:

"My dear prince, won't you speak to the gentleman along with the rest? Don't you know who he is?"

"No."

"It is Baron Rothschild."

"What of that? He is nothing to me. I don't owe the fellow anything."—Zeitgeist.

#### Effect of a Tropical Climate.

"The laziest fellers I ever see, not barrin Thompson there even," said the man with the ginger beard, "was down in Central America. Tell you what I see once. I wandered into a little saloon that one of the greasers kep', and what should I see but a lot of fellers settin round a table with a lot of dice on it, an all of 'em watchin them dice as if they s'pected them to turn over of their-selves, which, sure enough, they did in a minute. Then I got onto their game. You see, about every three or four minutes they is a earthquake in that country, and them lazy half breeds was lettin the earthquake do the shakin of the box for 'em. Now, what do you think of that?"—Indianapolis Journal.

## ORIENTAL ART IN COLOR.

**Brilliant Tints Combined So as to Have a Restful Effect on the Eye.**

The reason that colors in an oriental brooch or bracelet are so perfect is the same reason that an old oriental carpet is better than any other. An Asiatic dislikes to be dazzled, to be blinded with glare, to have his eyes hurt and his brain heated by unsubdued effects of light. Consequently, though he dyes his wools in intense colors, having few others, he so combines them, so mixes them with black and that dark cream of which Europe has never caught the secret, that the total result is restful, and the very idea of glare or of full daylight on the patterns is entirely absent.

It is precisely the same with oriental jewels. Their natural glare is kept down by combination and want of polish. The Asiatic, who carved in jade and sank deep inscriptions into sapphires, could have faceted precious stones as well as the cutters of Amsterdam, who until lately used no machinery. But he did not desire to do it. He wanted subdued effects and made of the garnet a carbuncle—which is a miracle of color without glare—or he cut off, as we have seen in many emeralds, a mere corner, so the beholder, instead of being bothered with flashing green, should peep at will into green depths.

We do not say he was altogether right—as regards the diamonds he was entirely wrong—but we may rely on it that he knew his business, and when he failed that he intended to fail. His intense appreciation of turquoise was due not only to admiration of its color, which can be matched only by one or two flowers, but to the fact that it is the one gem that for all its brilliancy of color does not flash. To this hour the high class Asiatic loves the catseye as the European never can because the light in it gives no pain, but reveals itself through a sort of dusky shade.

The European has made lovely jewels and will make lovelier ones, but he has never made jewels like those of the Asiatic, who with illimitable art can take from gold all its glitter without diminishing by one iota the perfection of its color, and will hand you a bit of enamel in which the green is as bright as the emerald, the red as fiery as the ruby and the whole as restful to the eye as a piece of turf.

The oriental jeweler has another merit, and in it lies the secret of a possible great development in the demand for European jewelers' work. He always gives to his jewels a certainty of value. His gold is gold of unadulterated purity, his silver truly silver of the standard, his gems the stones they are said to be and his work paid for at an understood and invariable rate. The consequences are that he makes little and that the market for his commoner wares never ceases, jewels being as much property as English sovereigns are, equally portable, nearly as capable of concealment and as fixed in value.—American Jeweler.

#### A Sunday Scene In Central Park.

Winding paths leading out of the Mall in the Central park were crowded Sunday with "young men and maidens, old men and children," all faring peacefully and enjoying the smell of the flowering shrubs and the sight of sunshine and shade upon the green slopes. Past a great, fragrant syringa bush came the twisted figure of a hunchback, whose feet also were deformed. He moved slowly and painfully, but his face was bright, and he was having fun in spite of his limitations. He talked and laughed with a half grown boy by his side. A group of three young men with flashy clothing and dirty hands came along. The largest of the three slapped the dwarf's head rudely and sent his hat spinning upon the grass. The hunchback uttered a cry of pain and astonishment. His assailant roared with laughter.

A stocky young man, with his hands in his pockets, was strolling leisurely down the path. As the bully passed him he planted a blow in the bully's face. The man was lifted off his feet and tumbled sprawling on the gravel. He arose, hot with wrath, and turned to see what had hit him. The stocky one stood in his tracks, with a look of placid contentment on his face. The bully took one glance and ran away. The hunchback stared in wonder. The stocky one resumed his stroll. Three girls who had seen the interview waved their handkerchiefs at him and smiled.—New York Times.

#### "The" Hague.

Did you ever stop to ask yourself or your knowing friend the meaning of "The" in the place named The Hague? If you are looking for something that will knock the above mentioned knowing friend off his feet, just ask him the significance of the three letters quoted. When he fails to answer the question, tell him that the The as it occurs in the instance cited is simply the anglicized form of the Dutch word "S Gravenhaaz" or "S Gravenhaze," either of which, in the Dutch language, means "the count's hedge" or "the count's grove" or "woods."

Originally the location now occupied by the city of The Hague was the hunting grounds of the counts of Holland. About the year 1240 a palace was built in the grove. Presently a village sprung up around the palace—still it was called "The Count's Hedge"—and finally and lastly a large city, which in the Dutch language has its original signification, but which in modern parlance has been evoluted into "The Hague."—St. Louis Republic.

#### Cheap Hats For Artists.

All the young women in an art school are doing their studying this summer under the shade of Japanese peasant hats. These are mere disks of loosely plaited straw about two feet wide and cost 10 cents. They have no peak nor crown and are just as suitable for use as table mats as for anything else. To make hats of them it is only necessary to sew a ribbon to one surface of them, leaving its two ends free to tie under the chin as bonnet strings. Thus they become hat and parasol in one.—New York Letter.

## HUNTING ASTEROIDS.

**Astronomical Sport That Is Being Robbed of Part of Its Pleasure.**

There was a time when the hunting of asteroids was the athletic sport with which the tired astronomer refreshed his mind and muscles. Wearied with prolonged calculations as to the weight of a ton of coals on the surface of Jupiter or the density of beer on the surface of the sixth moon of Uranus and with his right arm and fingers cramped and numbed from the excessive use of chalk and blackboard, the astronomer would take his telescope and in the bright, crisp winter night stalk the timid asteroid through the starry jungles of the skies.

It was not often that he made a successful bag. Sometimes he would hunt night after night for weeks before capturing a single asteroid, but he was always buoyed up by the hope of game, and when he did bring down an asteroid with his breechloading reflector, his small but handy refractor, and was enabled to make a present of its elements to a favorite fellow astronomer he was indeed a proud and happy man.

But this fine old astronomical sport is at an end. The asteroid trapper with his photographic trap is abroad, and there is every reason to believe that in the course of a very few years at the furthest every existing asteroid will have been captured.

The method of the trapper is as simple as it is unsportsmanlike. He sets his camera at nightfall and goes home to his family until the following morning. A clockwork attachment gives a motion to the camera identical with the apparent motion of the fixed stars, so that the images of the latter never vary their places on the sensitive plate.

When, however, the trapper finds a faint but prolonged line of light extending over the plate, he knows that it is the trail of an asteroid, and he at once proceeds to complete its capture by giving it a name and calculating its elements.

The unsuspecting asteroids who had long ago grown shy of the telescope have not yet discovered the existence of the camera traps, and they are captured in alarming numbers. It is quite usual for a trapper to report the capture of four or five asteroids in a single night.

It is true that he rarely makes any distinction between the traces made by an asteroid and the marks on the plate due to imperfections in the emulsion or to scratches made during development. In his greed he treats all marks as asteroids that come to his trap, and there can be no doubt that a certain proportion of the asteroids recently named and given a place in the solar system have no existence outside of the photographic plate, where the trapper fancied that he had detected their trail.

Still it is evident that the traps are nightly capturing an enormous number of asteroids, and unless something is done for their preservation this variety of celestial game will sooner or later become as extinct as the American buffalo.

To the average man it may seem to be a matter of very little consequence how asteroids are captured, but to those who are familiar with astronomers and who have their welfare and that of their wives and families at heart the prospect that legitimate asteroid hunting is about to become impossible is alarming.

If the tired astronomer can no longer keep up his health and spirits by beating the milky way for asteroids his health must inevitably suffer. Physicians are agreed that astronomy, if habitually indulged in, is peculiarly exhausting to the nerves. Indeed the confirmed and excessive astronomer is invariably irritable and quarrelsome, even in spite of the tonic influence of asteroid hunting.

If that resource should no longer be open to him, his condition will be simply pitiable, and such a thing as an astronomic home will be utterly unknown. The astronomer's only recreation will be found in contradicting the theories and denying the discoveries of other astronomers, and the meeting of an astronomical society would be a scene of wild uproar mingled with flying slates and lumps of chalk.—Washington Star.

### The Age of the Earth.

The earth's age, like that of the proverbial spinster, must, I suppose, be deemed uncertain, or at least (as in the case of the census paper) we must allow a fair margin for probabilities. The geologists on the one hand are supposed to make very big drafts indeed on the bank over which Father Time presides; while the physicists on the other hand insist on more moderate demands being formulated. The latest explorer in this field of inquiry is Mr. Clarence King, a well known American geologist, who seems to lean to the side of the physicists in this matter. Of course everybody starts with the earth as a gaseous mass and everybody gets to the earth as a cooling globe, which is certain in time to become a burnt out cinder like the moon.

From researches on the effects of heat and pressure as applied to a cooling orb, Mr. King concludes that Lord Kelvin's estimate of the earth's age is very near the mark. According to Mr. King the age of our world is to be set down as not exceeding some 24,000,000 years, which, I venture to say, is so entirely unthinkable a number that nobody may feel intellectually perturbed if a few millions more be added or a few millions be subtracted from the amount.—Dr. Andrew Wilson in London Illustrated News.

### The Beauty of a Persian Cat.

Perhaps the most peculiar fancy of travelers abroad is that of carrying from Persia the great blooded cats that are so hard to domesticate. However, as an up town housekeeper exclaims, "Of course one is a little afraid of them, but they do look stylish in a handsome library!"—New York Times.

### Always Somebody to Complain.

There is always one discontented soul to lament over improvements, like the Scotchwoman who complained of the fresh water that had been introduced into the city. "Ah, but it's no like the auld; it neither smells nor tastes I"—Exchange.

### A Story of a Russian Novelist.

Turgenieff once asked the famous critic, Belinsky, and five others to dine with him at his home in the country, where he kept a famous chef.

"I will prepare such a banquet for you as you have never imagined," he declared, and he not only fixed the day, but insisted upon each person's giving his word of honor that he would be present.

"Don't fear for us," said Belinsky. "We shall be there, but you must not repeat the trick you played us last winter, when you asked us to dine and were not at home when we arrived. In order to remind you I will write to you the day before."

On the appointed day—a very hot day—the party set out for the country house in the morning and arrived thoroughly fatigued by heat and dust. But no host appeared to welcome them. The house was deserted. Repeated knocking at the door was answered by silence.

"Can Turgenieff have repeated last winter's trick?" exclaimed Belinsky. His friends tried to persuade him that they had arrived earlier than they were expected.

"But I wrote him that we would be here at 1 o'clock," said Belinsky. "What can it mean? If they would only admit us, we could wait, but here we are scorched!"

At length a boy appeared who confessed that his master was away and that the chef was at an inn in the neighborhood. He was dispatched for the chef, and the party waited, hungry and cross, until he made his appearance.

"Where is your master?" cried Belinsky.

The cook did not know.

"Did he not order a dinner for us today?"

"He did nothing of the kind," was the answer.

"Well," said Belinsky when he was composed enough to express an opinion, "he has indeed given us an unusual sort of banquet!"—"Russian Characteristics."

### Teeth of the Beaver.

The beaver is armed with two long chisellike teeth in each jaw. These teeth are exceedingly powerful and are to a beaver what an ax is to a woodsman. One such tooth taken from the lower jaw of a medium sized skull (they can be removed without difficulty, unlike the most of ours) is bent into nearly a semicircle and measures 5 inches along its outer curve. Only one inch of this length projects from the skull. The corresponding one from the upper jaw is bent into more than a complete half circle and measures upon its outer face 4 inches, of which less than an inch protrudes from its bone casing. In width each tooth is five-eighths of an inch. Examination of one of them reveals the secret of how a beaver can perform such feats as chopping down a birch tree 16 inches in diameter, not to speak of softer woods, like the basswood, of much greater size.

The tooth is composed of two materials. Along the outer face or front of the tooth is a thin plate of exceedingly hard enamel. On the inner, forming the body of the tooth, is a substance called dentine. The dentine, being softer, wears away with use. The thin enamel remains comparatively unworn, so that the tooth assumes the shape of a keen chisel that never grows dull. The tooth is hollow at the base for half its length and is filled with a nourishing substance which keeps it constantly growing.—St. Nicholas.

### Mr. Ferguson's Saving Prayer.

Away back in the early sixties Mr. Ferguson was defending a man accused of beating his wife. The case was on trial before a justice of the peace, probably the same justice who decided that stealing a sack of potatoes out of a canoe was "piracy on the high seas." The accused was convicted, and the justice promptly sentenced him to be hanged.

"But you can't hang a man for beating his wife," expostulated Ferguson.

"The devil I can't," said the justice, bridling up. "Ain't he guilty? Oughtn't any man to be hung who would beat a woman and that woman his wife? And ain't I the only judge in this county? If I haven't got the power to hang a man, who has, eh? I'll hang him within an hour; won't we, boys?" he concluded, addressing the crowd standing around, whose sympathies were evidently with the woman.

"That we will," shouted the crowd.

Seeing that the case was beginning to look serious for his client, Ferguson said:

"Well, your honor, before the man is hanged I'd like to take him out behind that big tree and pray with him."

"All right," said the justice, and off went the prisoner and Ferguson. When they got behind the tree Ferguson said in an undertone:

"Now git, you hound." And he got.—Seattle Press-Times.

### Pottery of the American Indians.

The pottery of the North American Indian is in some respects like the dolmen pottery of Europe, although it differs in many details of form, mode of manufacture and ornamentation. The North American Indian used neither wheel nor furnace, nor did he, except rarely, decorate it with colors. The clay was frequently mixed with powdered shells. The decoration of pottery made in the eastern portion of the United States was effected by incised lines and dots with various combinations. The spiral and volute were employed.

Among the southern Indians much of the decoration was made by the impress of textile fabrics, sometimes with only a string or cord. In the interior and principally on the Mississippi river the pottery vessels were made to represent sometimes the human face, sometimes animals. There was a much greater prevalence of the bottle form in the United States than in Europe. The prehistoric pottery of Mexico and Central America forms a special group; that from the pueblos of Arizona and New Mexico another, while that made by the North American Indian constitutes a third group. Each of these has distinctive characteristics.—Great Divide.


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## Society Directory.

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County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3633 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

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Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; J J Adamson, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 S Ashland av; C. McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Hede, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western ave.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Corcoran, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport av & Union st.

Div 5—Patrick Coghlan, Pres, 169 Forquer st; Michael Puneh, V-P; E P O Reilly, R S, 577 Henry st; T Cullinane, F S; John Beegan, Treas. Meet in Hogan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts 1st Monday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4255 Wentworth av Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; Martin Fanning Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—M J Ryan, Pres, 257 Michigan st; M Doyle, V P; D J Mahoney, Rec Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Fin Sec; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday of each month at 8 p m, corner Clark and Michigan sts.

Div 9—P O Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Bigeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 5020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall 4630 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie st; J F Walsh, V P; Jas Lane, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw Fin Sec; H J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 422 Wentworth av; Jas O Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

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Div 17—Michael S Finnegan, Pres; L Henely, V-P; P R Flanagan, R S, 363 Fifth av; B Burke, F S; Martin McCaby, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third sts.

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3802 Parnell av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; Jer'h O'Brien, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland av; Jno Waters, F S; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in B shop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland av at 2:30 p m.

Div 25—Jas Herwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic st; P Mooney, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, fifty-first st and Wentworth av.

Div 29—Jas Doran, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keefe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Thos J Fitzpatrick, Pres, 2717 Wentworth av; Thos Kelley, V P; James Gannon, R S, 3356 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6035 Stoney Island av; P D Ryan, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn av.

Div 37—John P Donhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 60th st.

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ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 434 W. Ohio st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana sts.

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St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schueter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Fels. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4729 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4009 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos F Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 12th st; R S Julius Ealer, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Cancvin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Rieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3500 Went Worth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Beckiug, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L H Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2080 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2901 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3640 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

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McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 42 Oak st; R S, A P Drase, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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# WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

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We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

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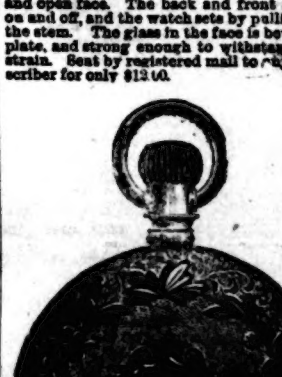
Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face. Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.



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Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. July Term A. D. 1893. Albert Nelson vs. Annie Nelson. In Chancery. No. 118,437.

Notice is hereby given to the said Annie Nelson that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

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Dated at Chicago, aforesaid, this seventeenth day of July, A. D. 1893.

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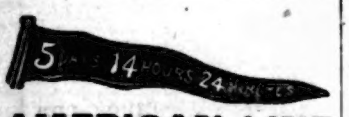


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